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Saturday Review

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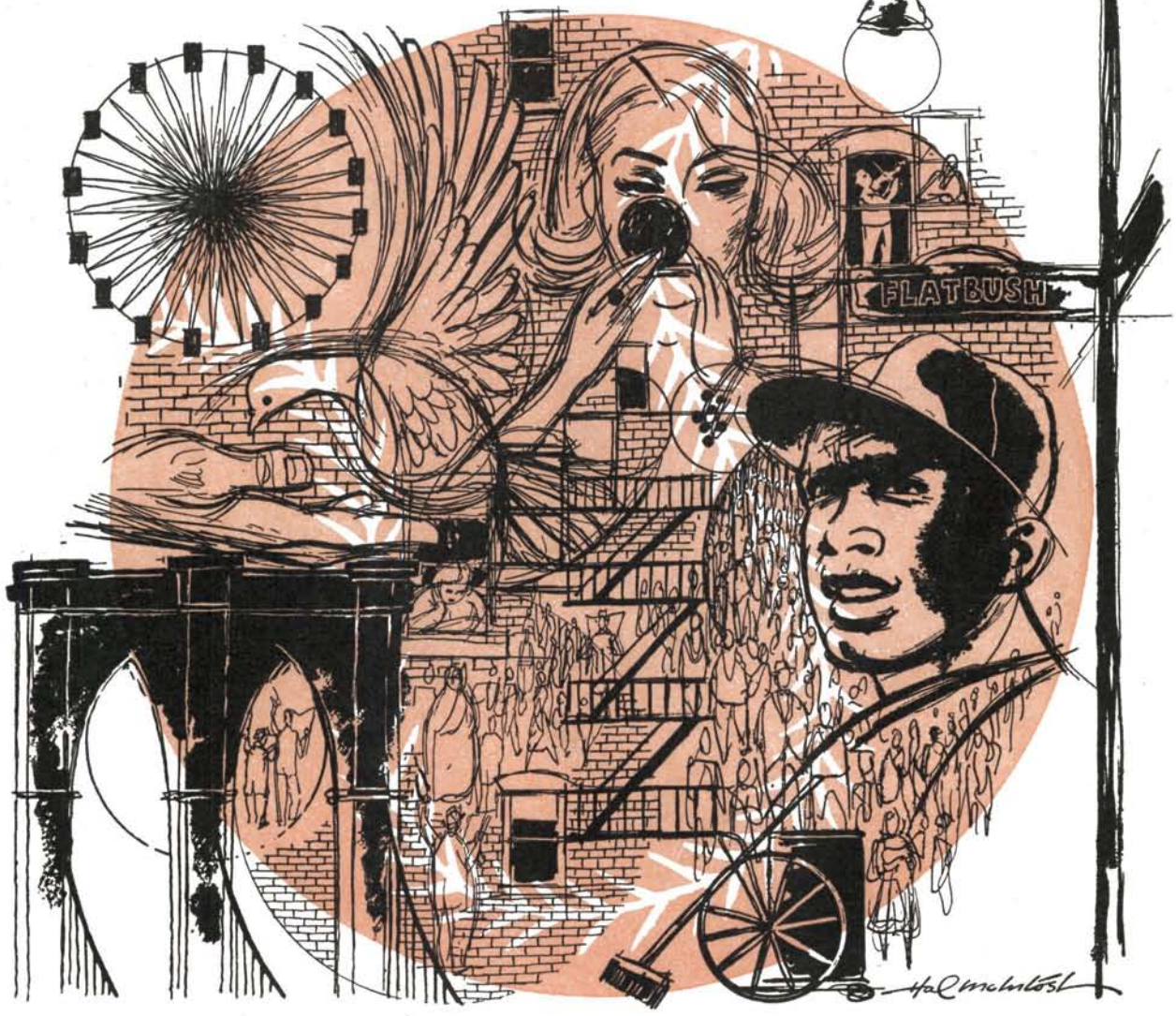

"Brooklyn Is America," by Ralph Foster Weld. (See page 9)

Do American Writers Shun Happiness?

BY LIN YUTANG

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July 15, 1950

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TRADE Winds

TWELVE MONTHS in Hollywood is a long time—particularly in these days of sail-trimming and reappraisal. It seemed to me that in the year elapsed between my 1949 and 1950 visits two notable changes had been effected. For one thing, a vast majority of the fakers and hangers-on who had somehow contrived to chisel from movie companies about forty times a week what they had earned in previous jobs—or were worth—have vanished in the same mist that enveloped all those phoney Wall Street wizards when the market crashed in 1929. For another thing, the people who are left in the picture industry—the ones who really belong there—seem to have recovered from their temporary panic and achieved a genuine peace of mind. They know that the old days are gone forever—destroyed by the collapse of foreign markets, the inroads of television, and a capricious public that simply doesn't go to the movies as often as heretofore. They know that something like 580 theatres have closed their doors in the past six months, that average grosses are off 8 per cent from last year and still slipping, and that the big stars of yesterday are losing their box-office lure with frightening speed. But many also know that there are still several millions a year to be made in motion pictures and that the ones who know their business from the ground up are going to make it. The picture industry today is like publishing. The rewards remain substantial for men and women with ability, integrity, vision, and courage. . . .

A particular lesson Hollywood learned the hard way is that too much publicity can be just as disastrous as too little. That old and always dubious philosophy "I don't care what they say about me as long as they spell my name correctly" has been shot full of holes this year. Too many Hollywood columnists have resorted to malicious gossip and "blind items" (Example: "If that blonde star and millionaire producer think her Tasmanian husband doesn't know about their little hideaway in Magnin's window, they're in for a rude shock") to fill up the space they are accountable for each day. And too many short-sighted press agents, headline-hunting politicos, hypocritical bluenoses, and editors whose circulation slips are showing have taken up the cry. Wise studio heads today are cutting down the hyperbole with the budgets. Hollywood has discovered that for every thousand words of hooey doled out before the hicks were wised up, it's now smart to use fifty. One picture like "Father of the Bride" or "The Men" or "City Lights" (more wonderful and side-splitting today than when Chaplin released it in 1930) does more good than all the tripe and publicity printed about movies in an entire year. . . .

THE BEST STORY I heard in Hollywood this year dates back to the outbreak of World War II, and though it probably has been printed before, it certainly bears retelling. Directly following Pearl Harbor wild rumors about invading Jap planes being sighted within range of the California coast swept the film colony. According to the legend, one of the highest moguls of M-G-M took them so seriously that he summoned the most famous camouflage expert in the United States and told him, "I want the entire M-G-M studio camouflaged immediately, regardless of cost." "I'm sorry," said the expert, "but I can't take the job." The mogul, who hadn't heard the word "no" in twenty years, was aghast. "What do you mean you can't?" he sputtered. "This is rank discrimination against the motion-picture industry! I'll have you run out of the state." "Calm yourself," advised the expert. "If you will stop shouting long enough I'll explain why I can't take the job. The Army has ordered that for every essential plant we camouflage an alternate target has to be set up. And you might as well know that M-G-M has been designated the alternate target for Douglas Aircraft." The mogul was revived an hour or so later. . . .

PHOENIX . . . Thanks to commercial aviation, Phoenix and Los Angeles are only an hour apart by land. What really separates them is water—the water of the Colorado River. It is the life blood of Western Arizona and Southern California, supplying the cities with drinking water, transforming the deserts into lush, productive farm land, turning the wheels of industry. There's not enough of it. For years California and Arizona have been wrangling about their shares and the fight promises to grow more bitter as migration to the area increases. "Compare our population and the value of our respective industries," cry the Californians (and, boy, how they can cry!). "It was our water in the first place," answer the outraged Arizonians. "Imperial Valley would still be a desert if it wasn't for the man-made Boulder Dam. We're entitled to drink water and irrigate our land, too." Judging by a recently rendered high-court decision, the law seems to think Arizona has a point. . . .

PHOENIX and Palm Springs are at opposite ends of the same desert. The

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construction of the Roosevelt Dam early in the century gave Phoenicians a generous water supply twenty years before there was any water at all at the California end and that's why it flourished first. Today the resort and dude-ranch business is assuming major proportions on both sides. The wonderful desert sunshine and the dry, cool air at night, make oldsters cavort like children. Bud Kelland, who loves Arizona better even than the Dutch Treat Club and the GOP, chortles, "We have the only air that takes the gleam and sparkle out of the sunshine and distils it into your veins." Just beyond the Phoenix city limits the Arizona-Biltmore and Camelback Inn are the last word in luxury —particularly attractive when visited in the company of Jeane McDonough and Doris West, of the Carl Wilson hierarchy, and Betty Jean Lee, beautiful daughter of the Indian artist Pop Chalee — but for my money, neither resort compares with La Quinta, near Indio, on the California side. This year La Quinta hit perfection under the management of Bob and Joan Groves, imported from New York's Sherry-Netherland. It has everything —fine food, superior square dancing, tennis, golf at the nearby course of Floyd Odlum (open to the public), and, for glamour, a constant complement of movie stars. In a single week Claudette Colbert, Linda Darnell, Rosalind Russell, Lucille Loeb, Joan Bennett, Danny Kaye, and Brian Donlevy raised the standard of pulchritude around the swimming pool. . . .

ARIZONA IS the forty-eighth state in the Union but has already passed a score of others in progressive legislation, fine highways, schools, and libraries. It's hard to believe that the first white child born in Tucson is still living there hale and hearty and that there are plenty of other citizens about who actually saw Wyatt Earp and his four brothers perform deeds in the gaudy town of Tombstone that make Hopalong Cassidy look like a sissy. (John Myers tells the story glowingly in "The Last Chance," a new Dutton publication.) . . . In Bill Hobson's fine bookshop Betsey Barton was autographing copies of her "Shadow of the Bridge" the day I was there while Frank Lloyd Wright and Mrs. Bill Benton looked on approvingly. . . .

AFTER TALKING at Arizona State College, in nearby Tempe, I returned to the Westward Ho Hotel to hear how Billie Burke had won the heart of Phoenix at Christmas time. She had appeared at Hobson's a month previous and autographed 200 copies of her "With a Feather on My Nose" for admirers. There were still orders to be filled when the available stock gave out. Miss Burke promised to sign additional copies if they were forwarded to her in Hollywood. Bill Hobson accordingly dispatched a dozen to her, with the names of the purchasers attached for autographing purposes. The slips also carried the notation "gift wrapping" for attention by the shipping department. Back came the books, signed and beautifully packaged by Miss Burke herself, with the following note: "Pardon the gift wrapping. I'm not too good at this. Merry Christmas to all the Hobsons." . . . It's little things like that that keep a book on the best-seller lists past its usual span. Other visiting authors: take notice!

—BENNETT CERF.

This is a novel about the six kinds of women.

- The woman who has never loved.
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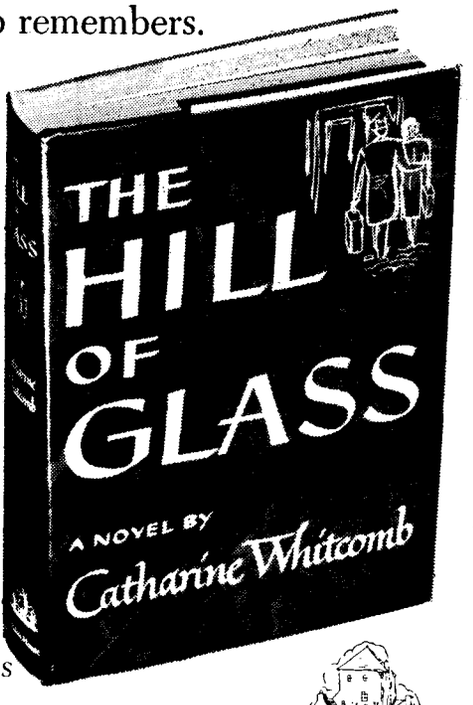
- The unloving woman who *is* loved.
- The woman who hates.
- The woman who remembers.

The time is the present. The place is that part of a woman's heart that lies between the two worlds called "I love him" and "I married him." The title is ☞



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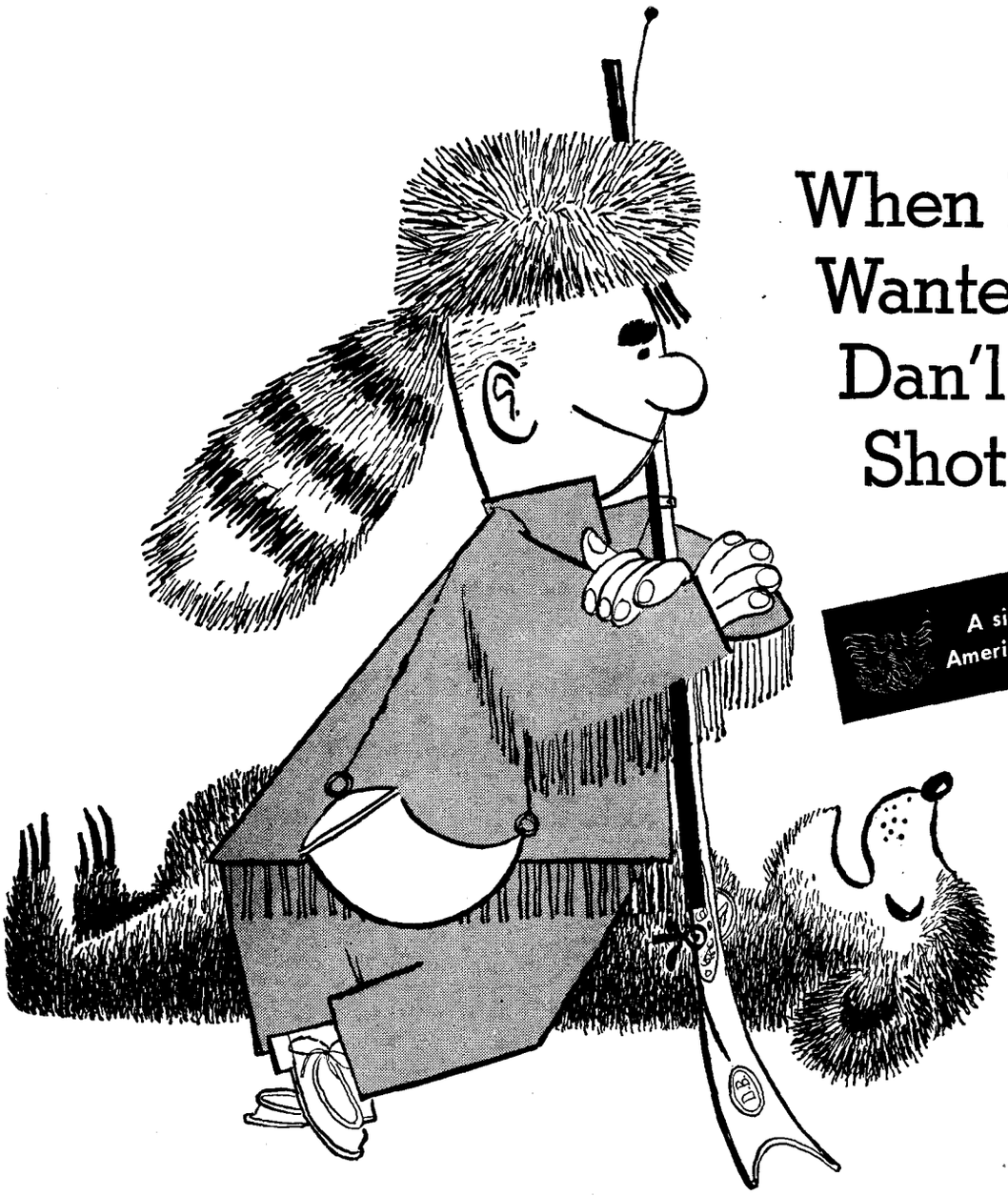

When Dan'l Wanted Meat Dan'l Shot a B'ar

A side light on the American meat industry

Any time Dan'l got hungry, he just up and shot the nearest wild critter that had meat on it—usually a b'ar or a deer. Dan'l had a reliable storehouse of meat, on the hoof, right there in the forest. And he stayed close to it.

Nowadays, if everybody wanted to stay close to the source of his meat supply many would have to move west of the Mississippi. That's where about three-fifths of the meat is grown.

But fortunately for people who like their meat regularly—and nearly everybody does—the U. S. has a meat supply service that fits the country's size and population pattern.

For growing the meat, there are the cattle ranches of the West, and the "feeder farms" and hog-raising farms of the corn belt. For processing the meat and getting it to retailers in small towns and big cities alike, there are 4,000 meat packing companies—each constantly competing for a share of business by improving products and by selling at competitive prices.

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Do American Writers Shun Happiness?

LIN YUTANG

I HAVE always been impressed by the fact that the most studiously avoided subject in Western philosophy is that of happiness. It would be wonderful if there existed a philosophy devoted entirely to a study of the aims, methods, and possibilities of attaining happiness in this present life. Common sense tells us that happiness is what everybody is striving for and yet with all the past and present wisdom of men no one has attempted to tell us how to get there. The goal of religion is salvation, not happiness. Philosophy occupies itself with truth, not happiness. Moralists talk about duty, not happiness. Those who have money to spend seek after pleasures, not happiness. Socialists, whose aim is the greatest happiness of the greatest number, occupy themselves with economics, not happiness. Lovers who have sometimes caught that bluebird squeeze it too tightly for joy, and find it dead on their hands. Shall I rush in where angels fear to tread? It is always tempting to write on a subject that nobody writes about.

It is certainly curious; I almost cannot believe it. I have before me a fair collection of books by the wittiest and wisest American minds—Emerson, Mark Twain, Will Rogers, William James, John Dewey, Tom Paine, scholars, poets, naturalists, literary critics—all impressive volumes of learning and philosophy. With a great many the subject of happiness never enters their heads, so busy are they with their respective fields. Some circumvent it, some pass it by without once taking a second look, and some pause to reflect upon it, without calling it by the right name (James calls it what makes life "vitally significant"). Even Santayana disappoints me here; with his sweet acceptance of life, he has less to say on the subject than I expected. Thoreau went straight for it and very nearly got hold of it. He went in the right direction but he went too far, and when he constantly protested against our reading of newspapers and going to the postoffice for mail, I know that he had not made peace with common life as we live it. True, there is the happiness of solitude, of simple labor, of communion with nature. Yet to be happy only when one is alone would hardly fit the life of the common men and women. Most of us are happiest when we get a lot of mail and when we go to the movie theatre and when we are in company. When philosophy does not square with life it is like a radio which goes off beam. Though it misses it only by a fraction it is useless for us. Perhaps the reason the subject has not been better understood is because moralists and philosophers are apt to start out with some favorite *a priori* theory of what happiness should be. They are determined that life shall agree with their particular theory, rather than their theory with life.

PERHAPS the reason why we have been consistently fooling ourselves, training ourselves to look upon the attainment of happiness as an ancient and unsolved riddle, is that we started with the wrong leg. Accidents will happen. Surely it is an accident of history that today hundreds of thousands, perhaps even millions, of happy, hard-working, honest Americans who usually face life quite cheerily and are able to take it still believe in a dark, vengeful, and constantly jealous Jehovah, with all the demons and the Legion of Darkness in league

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against them. Surely it is equally an accident, due to the same tradition, that our eyes have been turned away from the present world. Sound businessmen, real-estate agents, Fuller Brush salesmen and farmers and laborers all take the present life pretty seriously but the moment they reflect or attempt to be spiritual they become unworldly, look for salvation, and run out on all the principles that have motivated their life. The first thought of anyone who makes a claim to thoughtfulness is to deny that he has a body. This wilful ignoring of our bodily existence, in the light of all modern physiology and psychology, would be ridiculous if it were not so pathetic. The idea is that human beings are, or should be, transcendental souls, with appetites only for the spiritual truths of beauty and justice, or if there are any other kinds of appetites their existence should be ignored or considered beneath notice. Sometimes a pastor pretends that we should have no hunger except for spiritual wisdom and no thirst except for truth. His audience knows, however, that they have other spiritual thirsts. When the pastor descends from his pulpit he feels a different kind of thirst, too, and asks for a "spirit" of some kind—"just one glass," of course—no, not lemon juice, that would be too worldly! And so we go on with this comedy of living the sensorial life and talking as if we were disembodied and disenchanted angels.

I think the church must take a great deal of blame for this unreal and mistaken type of spirituality. That is why so few clergymen are poets, or make an attempt to be poetic in the pulpit, why so few of them pay tribute to the glory of this God-created earth. Very few clergymen dilate on the glories of an Arizona sunset, on the sweet scent of lilacs or the notes of the mocking bird—which is their business if their professional duty is to praise God and teach us to have a thankful heart for His great bounty. I do not care how scientists explain colors but I know that the grass is green, the sky is blue, the clouds are white, the mountain sides are purple, the dawn is russet, and the evening glow is golden—not just golden, but shimmeringly, bewitchingly golden. Someone might be grateful for all this and express his thankfulness for living and if that someone claimed he believed in God he should be the first to express his wonder and admiration for all the glories of this sensorial life. Authors, artists, and shoemakers are displeased when people do not like their products. God could hardly feel pleased when we show contempt for His handiwork which is the present earth. When we despise food, we despise our God-made palate, and when we disparage the sense of sound, we certainly show no respect for the Creator of our eardrums and those three delicate ear bones!

ON THE other hand, orthodox Christian theology makes this mistake because its eyes are fixed upon heaven and not upon this earth—a rather hasty and sweeping mistake. I think theologians are hasty and sweeping in their condemnation of the present life as something to escape from and bear with for the present, before they let their eyes dwell on a sunset or even remind themselves that they have seen one. I understand that this other-worldliness of point of view took its rise in the days of the decadent Roman Empire as a powerful protest against mere sensuality of living. That was how a handful of intrepid but fairly illiterate persons conquered the mighty Roman Empire at last. But then, life was generally hard in those days for the majority of people and heaven was conceived as a haven of rest to ease the groanings and muscular pains of galley slaves. It was an aspiration that came from a desire for "surcease of trouble." In other words, many of the plebeians must have felt pretty tired of struggle in this life. But suppose we are not galley slaves, suppose we are not exactly groaning upon this earth, suppose that we even desire and welcome struggle, because there is comparatively greater opportunity for the common man today, what then? Suppose that it is good for the eyes to see the light of the sun, that a walk in a late autumn afternoon is good for the body and for the soul, suppose that the mere eating of a fruit does make one happy, and waking up from a perfect sleep does make the world look completely cheerful and reliable because you yourself are competent to do the jobs you are facing today? Surely God has not created the present life in vain. Of all the blasphemers of God, these people blaspheme life, they blaspheme the earth and its Creator, they blaspheme all their neighbors and their parents who gave birth to them and took such pains to bring them up to live in this world.

We see how the question of human happiness, of proper enjoyment of this life, escaped us from the very outset—in fact, was not even properly considered. Happiness in this sensorial existence was ruled out beforehand while the picture of happiness in the Hereafter remains contradictory and confused—sometimes full of sensual delights, like seeing the pearly gates of an opulent city (a pawnbroker's dream), and sometimes nonsensual and ethereal and vague and unhypothecated. One arrives at an impasse of nothingness so far as the quest for happiness is concerned. Perhaps it would be simpler to say, as I have said, that the goal of religion is not happiness but salvation—salvation for what we are not certain, but salvation from what we know—from this wicked present life.

Why has religion done that? Why have not only Christianity but also other religions done the same? The reason is that human happiness is always elusive and often short-lived, that it is unreliable and impermanent. The happiness that comes from eating a good meal or wearing a new garment does not last. Religion makes its appeal to permanence and security in a happiness that lasts to eternity. (As a matter of fact, "eternity" is an exaggeration not warranted by experience.) For the first thing we must note about happiness is its completely elusive quality. There are happy moments in our lives and other unhappy moments which quickly succeed them. That was why the fathers of the American Republic talked about the right to the pursuit of happiness only, while they were sure of the right to life and liberty. They were not sure that happiness was attainable by every man; they felt that neither God nor their Constitution could vouch for happiness, but only would confirm the right to, and provide the opportunity for, its pursuit for every American citizen. (Nevertheless, it was very thoughtful of the philosophical Jefferson to put it in as one of three rights, in place of the old trinity of the rights of life, liberty, and property.)

HAPPINESS has always seemed like a bluebird and consists of moments. Such moments when we can be positive about being happy are, for instance, when we have had a really good dinner, when a friend we haven't seen for a long time suddenly turns up to chat for a whole evening, when a couple marches up the aisle to the wedding altar, when we have cleared all debts and after paying the income tax find there is still a comfortable margin left, when we hear that a wicked man has died or that we have the good opinion of somebody we respect, when we have spent a day of successful labor and our eyes feel

(*Continued on page* 38)

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Brooklyn. *On the southernmost tip of Long Island, across the East River from Manhattan, is a geographical unit eighty-one square miles in area known as Brooklyn. Although the nearly three million souls who call it home frequent churches, factories, stores, offices, parks, and homes like other members of the human race, their unique dialect, their passionate devotion to an athletic organization known as the Dodgers, and other peculiarities too subtle to define have convinced their neighbors that they are a people, perhaps even a world apart. Stuff and nonsense, says Ralph Foster Weld in his new book, "Brooklyn Is America," which is reviewed below by Branch Rickey, headman of the Dodgers. One of Mr. Rickey's ablest employees, a young American whose career has been phenomenal and inspiring, is the subject of "Jackie Robinson," by Bill Roeder.*

The Last Word on Brooklyn

BROOKLYN IS AMERICA. By Ralph Foster Weld. New York: Columbia University Press. 266 *pp.* $3.50.

By Branch Rickey

THE TITLE "Brooklyn Is America," by Ralph Foster Weld, immediately intrigued me. Never had I heard anyone say, "Brooklyn is America," or even seen the words in print. "Right now," I said to myself, "it's true. That's it. Brooklyn *is* America."

What the author has put into 85,000 words a reviewer cannot so much as touch upon in a few hundred. By exhaustive research Dr. Weld has already pressed into sixteen brief chapters the racial, religious, political, social, and industrial development of a city of three million people and largely, too, a coverage limited to the time since the Revolutionary War.

Mr. Weld tells this story with charm. It is never statistical or stuffy. Although it is fair to say that it is a compendium of all former histories, articles, and written data heretofore published on Brooklyn, this book never gives the impression that it was written by some person seeking a Ph.D. degree, sitting in a university library seeking to find and collecting and jotting down a series of new angles on an old subject. You get the notion that the writer knows so much about the subject that he tells the story off-hand.

To some Brooklyn has seemed to be a jealous city, resentful of criticism and yet furnishing plenty of it. It has seemed to be a rugged, individualistic city that somehow had a civic inferiority complex that made it yell its head off for the Dodgers, or for any other agency or thing that carried the name of Brooklyn against other cities, particularly New York. It didn't want to be part of New York or Greater New York or, indeed, "part" of anything. The book gives the background for this community attitude and one begins to understand how twenty-one chambers of commerce and multiple races and dialects can and do have a community cohesion.

"Brooklyn Is America" admits that, in Brooklyn as in many other cosmopolitan centers, "the springs of fanaticism and race hatred are not sealed" but, says Author Weld, "there is a much brighter side to the great moving picture that is Brooklyn. Here you see the mingling of races in workaday relationships. There are vigorous plans of social rehabilitation. Quiet and peace live in the streets. There are institutions where men of all sorts and kinds and ranks meet on common ground. In Brooklyn the discouraged observer of mankind may find some ground for hope. IT IS THE CIVILIZED WORLD IN MICROCOSM: WITHIN ITS OWN LIMITS IT IS A DEMONSTRATION OF WORLD PEACE." The caps are mine. The book makes understandable and obvious the belief that the greatest demonstration of the democratic processes at work in the United States is the city of Brooklyn.

When a man can give a concise command or comment on a war game or a baseball game and be positive and right, he is to be accorded a thorough knowledge of the tactics of the game and the strategy that preceded it. More than that, it can properly be assumed that he has an acquaintanceship with the personnel, both his own and his opponents, and the mastery of all the prerequisites of the game itself that gives him confidence and ease in choosing a few words to state a fact or an order that would take

THE AUTHOR: No totemist, Dr. Ralph Foster Weld didn't even know his family tree was so venerable until, after his first book, "Brooklyn Village," "some genealogical fellow got busy" and traced the line from upstate New York back to the Rev. Thomas Weld, who in 1630 became the first clergyman in Roxbury, Mass., and helped compile the Bay Psalm Book. "There are some of that background who are not snobs," he observes, and proving that people of diverse national and racial strains can live together "in a practical working out of democracy" interested him more. As a beautiful example he chose Brooklyn, where he and his wife lived following their marriage. "It's a great place for the social historian to fish," he exults, albeit accepting the designation somewhat reluctantly. Dr. Weld prefers to regard himself as a writer, as indeed he has been almost exclusively since 1930, when, with posts behind him at Middletown (Conn.) High School and Adelphi College, he quit teaching. He has free-lanced widely, written "Our Brooklyn" and "A Power on the Heights" (the borough's first Presbyterian Church), and co-edited "A Treasury of Brooklyn," has been director of the Brooklyn History Project at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences and associate editor of the "Dictionary of American History." The study opposite is an expansion of a series of features Weld contributed to the *Brooklyn Eagle*. "If the *Eagle* had not seen fit to print—and pay for—the articles, the book would never have seen the light. This is only one of the *Eagle*'s many contributions to local history." Brooklyn will be backdrop for at least one other work, his forthcoming biography of Henry Ward Beecher. He is also collaborating on a cameo of New York from 1917-25, the environ "most stimulating to a writer," just as—his home in Leonia, N. J., notwithstanding—Connecticut is where he'd most like to live.—R. G.

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volumes to prove. I am impressed that way with this book.

But I have another conclusion to offer. The book has significance that should interest other than the people of Brooklyn or just people anywhere or everywhere who know about Brooklyn. All citizens of America should be interested in the book. And I mean just that. Anyhow, all citizens who love their country. The book makes me like America, like our government—our form of government. It makes me like Brooklyn from Jasper Danckaerts in 1679 on down to William O'Dwyer in 1950. It tends to make one like everybody.

It is an over-all story of migration, adventure and opportunity, ideological conflicts and adjustments. It is a story of people—some who wanted to get money, some who sought security, and some who wanted to do something for Brooklyn—really thinking of someone besides themselves. Dr. Weld shows the reader constantly that the people who counted don't chase dollars or security; these are by-products. It is a story of the preservation and surrender of many cultures, diversification and union of communities, the results of diversification of language, customs, dress, religions, even diets.

It is sequentially the story of the coming of the Dutch, then the English, and later the Yankees. Then, in order, the aggressive Irish, the adjusting Jews, and the versatile Italians; and all through the years the Negro, the great present problem in assimilation; then Brooklyn's healthy Northlanders, the Norwegians, Swedes, and Finns, then the multitudinous Eastern Europeans and more recently, smaller groups—Syrians, Puerto Ricans, and Mohawk Indians. They are all there—or here—continuous amalgamation of peoples in process.

Finally in the book comes the chapter "E Pluribus Unum." In Brooklyn for 300 years the impression of separateness and yet unity is ever present. So it is in America. But "Brooklyn is one and not many." So, too, is America.

Dr. Weld, in this last chapter, almost writes his own review. At least what he says reflects both the keynote and conclusion for me, a comparatively recent but appreciative citizen of Brooklyn; and here it is:

> The thousand ties—business, political, cultural, social—which bind each group to the whole society are matters of day-by-day experience. As time passes they become more intimate. There is no deliberate plan to promote unity. It is a democratic process which began in this western tip of Long Island 300 years ago and has continued with the growth of Brooklyn from its Dutch infancy to its present giant stature.

All-Star Second Baseman

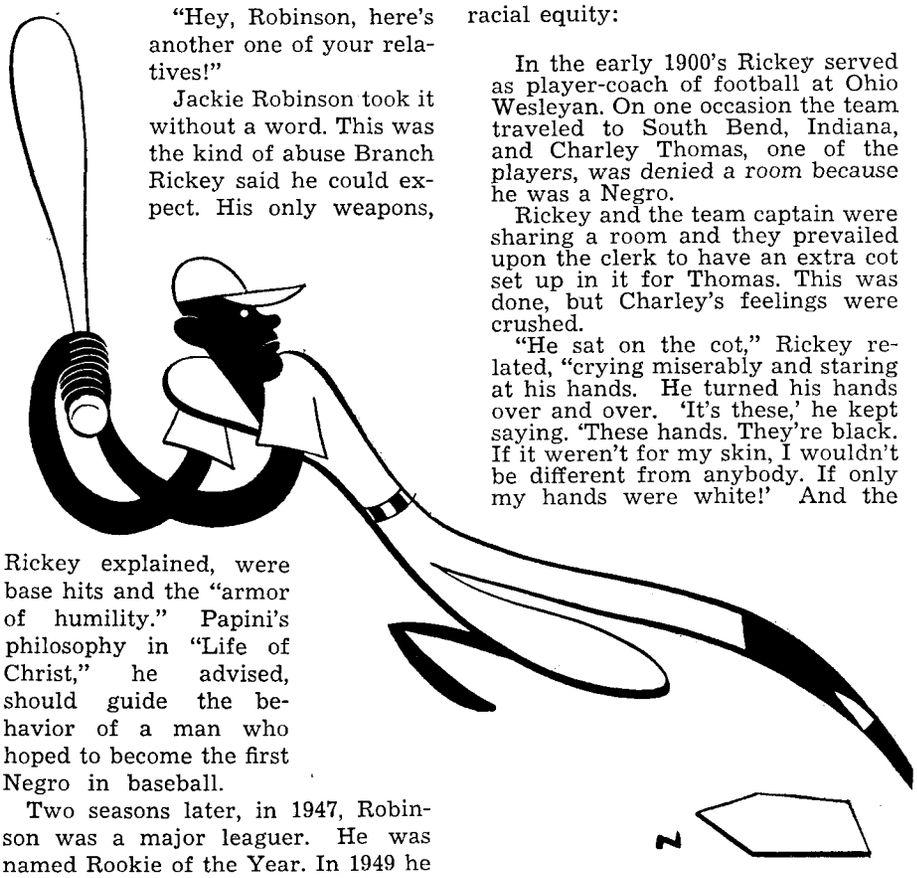
JACKIE ROBINSON. By Bill Roeder. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 183 pp. $2.50.

By Robert Cousins

IN THE Syracuse dugout a group of players held up a black cat. They shouted across the diamond at the Montreal rookie second baseman.

"Hey, Robinson, here's another one of your relatives!"

Jackie Robinson took it without a word. This was the kind of abuse Branch Rickey said he could expect. His only weapons, Rickey explained, were base hits and the "armor of humility." Papini's philosophy in "Life of Christ," he advised, should guide the behavior of a man who hoped to become the first Negro in baseball.



Two seasons later, in 1947, Robinson was a major leaguer. He was named Rookie of the Year. In 1949 he was voted by the Baseball Writers Association of America the most valuable player in the National League. The vote was Robinson 246, Stan Musial 226, Enos Slaughter 181, Ralph Kiner 133. Robinson won the awards in spite of the cruelest pressure ever put on any ball player.

In a surprisingly brief book for the baseball- and social-history-making achievements it records, Bill Roeder, sparkling sports columnist of the *New York World-Telegram and The Sun*, tells the Jackie Robinson story. He unravels many surprising facts about Branch Rickey's decision to bring a Negro player into organized baseball and erase the color line. He digs deeply into Robinson's motivations and reactions. The reader can determine for himself the sweat and tears it took out of both Rickey and Robinson.

The Mahatma, as Branch Rickey is known in baseball circles, always was a man with a peculiar curiosity about Negro athletes. Were there any who could play major-league ball? There were social barriers to the answer of that question.

Rickey's feelings about the color line were, as he would probably describe it, an academic expression of a passive abhorrence of an inexcusable situation. One incident in particular, Mr. Roeder points out, had much to do with Rickey's concern for racial equity:

> In the early 1900's Rickey served as player-coach of football at Ohio Wesleyan. On one occasion the team traveled to South Bend, Indiana, and Charley Thomas, one of the players, was denied a room because he was a Negro.
>
> Rickey and the team captain were sharing a room and they prevailed upon the clerk to have an extra cot set up in it for Thomas. This was done, but Charley's feelings were crushed.
>
> "He sat on the cot," Rickey related, "crying miserably and staring at his hands. He turned his hands over and over. 'It's these,' he kept saying. 'These hands. They're black. If it weren't for my skin, I wouldn't be different from anybody. If only my hands were white!' And the poor fellow would pull violently at one hand with the other. He seemed to be trying to wrench the black skin off his hands by main force."

It was a scene Rickey never forgot.

When Rickey took over as president of the Dodgers in 1944 he made his move. Through an elaborate but undercover system of baseball scouting he acquired a file on the outstanding colored players of the day. One name popped up more often than any other —Jackie Robinson.

Robinson would do as a ball player, the scouts reported. But Rickey was looking for something more. He wanted a man who would be courageous enough to face the hardships he would meet as the first Negro in organized baseball. He wanted a man level-headed enough to handle the glorification that he would receive from members of his own race. Robinson, a former three-letter man at UCLA and an Army officer during the war, seemed to qualify. Rickey sent for him.

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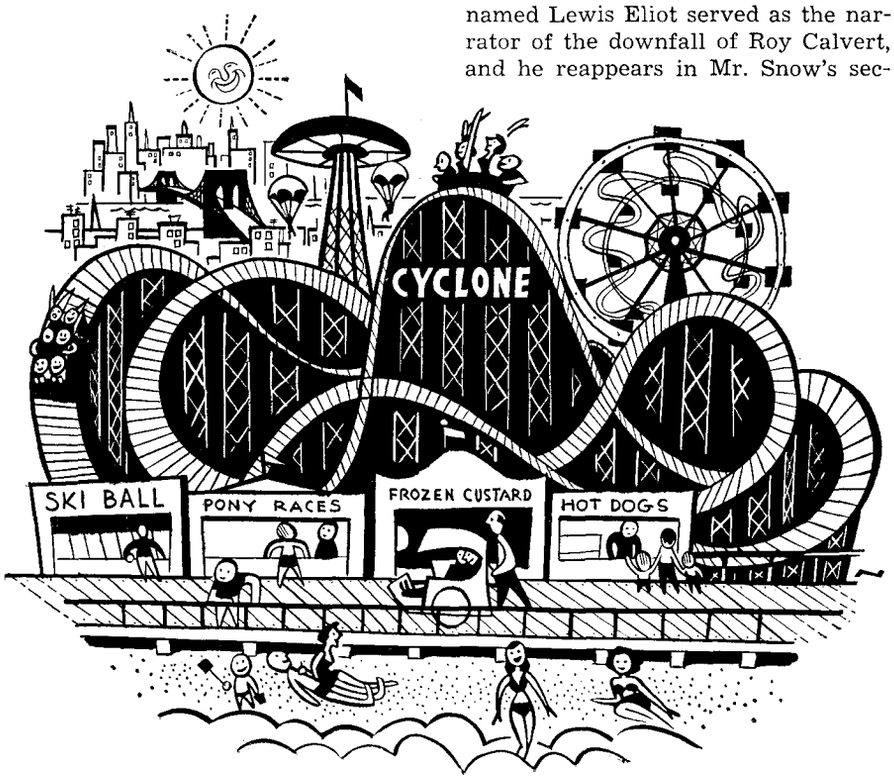
Mr. Roeder's account of that initial meeting is one of the most gripping episodes in the book. For three hours Rickey lectured, questioned, and purposely heaped indignities upon Robinson in order to impress upon him the momentousness of the move.

The announcement that Jackie Robinson had been signed to play for Montreal shook the baseball world. Was this just another publicity stunt to make the Rickey turnstiles click? "I took the guy to win a pennant," Rickey retorted.

There were "incidents." I use the word politely. In Jacksonville the ball park was padlocked against Robinson. In another Southern city the police chased him out of town. Much of the bitterness, Mr. Roeder says, was undercover: an extra hard tag, deliberate spikings, crank notes, a stray pitch aimed at the colored boy's head, the rumor of a ball-club strike. With Montreal and in his first year with Brooklyn, Robbie took it.

Robinson wore the "armor of humility" so well that for a long while fans didn't realize that it was a disguise in his makeup. Little by little, in succeeding seasons, the armor melted away. In 1948 Robinson was thumbed out of a game for the first time. In 1949 he began to answer the needling of rival players. He kept up a rhubarb with his former manager, Leo Durocher. In a recent game these two went at it hot and heavy. The Negro whom people had assumed was tractable by nature now stands revealed as a fiery competitor—the fans' choice as the National League all-star second baseman for 1950.



Fiction.

By all odds the best novel of the week is C. P. Snow's "Time of Hope." The author has brilliantly overcome the difficulties of writing in the first person in his story about the struggles of a poor young Englishman trying to enter that most aristocratic of professions, the law. From Holland comes an enchanting story by an artist, Johan Fabricius. His "The World at Six" is a delightful picture of family life as everyone likes to imagine it. In "The Lost Traveller" Antonia White reveals the troubles of a girl of fifteen born to an English family of Catholic converts in which no one understands the other, complicated by the now familiar daughter-and-father complex. Harry Hervey's "Barracoon" is a lively and dramatic historical romance of the slave trade on the Portuguese African coast, and we have also two novels chronicling the tribulations of women in medicine: "A Lamp Is Heavy" and "Dr. Katherine Bell."

Ardent, Tortured Barrister

TIME OF HOPE. By C. P. Snow. New York: The Macmillan Co. 416 pp. $3.50.

By Harrison Smith

TWO YEARS ago a novel about English university life appeared which was so mature, so subtle and yet solidly written that its craftsmanship and its significance were immediately recognized. "The Light and the Dark" was concerned with the dilemma of a brilliant Cambridge scholar who was destroyed because he lacked faith in man and in the meaning of the universe. A young man named Lewis Eliot served as the narrator of the downfall of Roy Calvert, and he reappears in Mr. Snow's second novel, "Time of Hope," as its principal character. We now discover that this is the second of ten projected novels, in which the author is impressively revealing the supreme importance of the individual, of all individuals in modern society.

The percipient reader who comes across "Time of Hope" does not need to be aware of its connection with the sort of concerted plan for literary endeavor which the author has in mind. He will almost inevitably be drawn into the web of his story by a style that is deliberate, persuasive, and curiously personal so that its final effect is almost overwhelming. Unlike the protagonist of the first book, Lewis Eliot believes profoundly in himself and has no doubt of the validity of the society and the profession in which he struggles to gain a foothold. He was a brilliant student in the schools which were open to a son of lower-middle-class parents. The ambition that drove him remorselessly was instilled in him by his mother, who saw in his future the only reason for her existence.

It is almost impossible for an American to understand the difficulties faced by a young Englishman with no family influence or wealthy connections who contemplates the law as a profession. Money he must have, and a good deal of it, friends who will lend a hand, and an established solicitor who is willing to keep an eye on him. He must also pass his examinations, not well but brilliantly; he cannot afford a single failure, and at the end he may wind up as a managing clerk in a legal firm.

It is extraordinary how brilliantly and compellingly Mr. Snow manages to make the chapters which describe

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his hero's excruciatingly difficult advance toward the Inns of Court, an apprenticeship in a law office until he had finally reached his goal as a full-fledged lawyer ready to receive briefs. The reader struggles with him as he attempts to make friends who will serve him and accumulate the money to pay for his laborious training. Eliot suffered physically from his long ordeal; mentally and spiritually the single flaw in his nature tortured him. Though his somewhat radical and exuberant friends presented him to apparently charming and willing girls, he seemed to be incapable of falling in love with normal young women. Instead he found the daughter of a wealthy clergyman who was incapable of love, who was in fact frigid and consequently unstable and sadistic. On this hopeless and pathetic young woman he poured out all of his capacity for devotion and love and jealousy. Again and again he tried to tear her out of his life, but always failed; every loveless note from her, the frenzied and frustrating meetings, left him exhausted and debilitated. "My libido could find no other home," he said; "I had got myself seduced by a young married woman, but it had not deflected my imagination as much from the girl walking at my side, had not diluted by a drop that total of desire, erotic and amorous, playful and passionate, which she alone invoked." He married her to discover that he had only domesticated the tragic tyrant who was destroying him.

The pages illuminating Eliot's inner nature are magnificent portrayals of an ardent nature tortured by love. They can stand with the finest examples of the novelist's or the biographer's art; one unconsciously thinks of Rousseau and Emma Bovary. In addition, "Time of Hope" provides a brilliant gallery of characters, each one of whom has a story to tell which contributes to the massive effect of the whole. They illustrate the struggle of men and women in our day for self-creation and escape from whatever dilemmas their natures have created.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 850)

BYRON:
CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

Though the strained mast should quiver as a reed
And the rent canvass fluttering strew the gale,
Still must I on; for I am as a weed,
Flung from the rock on Ocean's foam to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.

Little Hollander

THE WORLD AT SIX. By Johan Fabricius. Philadelphia: The Westminster Press. 224 pp. $2.75.

By PAMELA TAYLOR

AFFECTIONATE, sensitive, and warm, this is an engagingly perceptive picture of a little boy's life in Holland. Its author, Johan Fabricius, a painter as well as writer, says that his own small son started him off on this fragile and evocative novel. But, obviously, he himself remembers what it is like to be a small boy five going on six; how the world of grown-up people flows past in an overpowering, uncomprehended stream; how much children read in the expressions of grown-up faces (a fact often mistakenly ignored by the grown-ups themselves); how little they take in of the spate of unnecessary words eddying about them; how much they react to the tensions of adult voices.

Flip Valckenier is not, thank heaven, one of those supersensitive thin-skinned little neurotics who have flitted, small, miserable wraiths, through the pages of so much current literature. An appealing, sturdy five-year-old, he is first encountered flapping back and forth on his gate, an unwilling prisoner in his yard (punishment for some domestic misdemeanor), the distant strains of a Salvation Army band luring him irresistibly into the forbidden street. Before his great adventure is over he has proved himself a highly successful peddler of the Army's leaflet *The War Cry* and we have met his studious, preoccupied, but wonderfully understanding father, his impulsive, gentle mother, and a whole flock of neighbors, friends, and relations.

And while it is Flip's world which unfolds, it is inevitably, since Flip is himself a beloved and carefully watched-over little boy, a world made up for the most part of grown-ups, good, bad, and indifferent. Flip's immediate preoccupations may be a new pedal automobile; what St. Nicholas and his attendant Black Peter will bring him; the glory (blotting out pain) of a bandaged head after an accident; but it is the comforting warmth of his family's hearty, energetic maid-of-all-work's arms, the security of her admiration; the unwelcome discipline of a visiting grandmother; the exuberant depredations of a bullying, thick-skinned cousin that really weave the fabric which, years after, will emerge as Flip's personality.

Nor is Flip without his influence, however unconsciously exercised, in the family group. It may appear to be, to Flip and to themselves, the adults who control events. But it is Flip, suddenly, intuitively stubborn, who brings grandmother's tactless surprise visit to an end just in time to avert complete domestic chaos; and it is Flip, sharply, inexplicably alive to danger for his beloved mother as well as himself, who puts to rout the predatory Mrs. De Groot, who prides herself on her sympathy for men not understood by their wives.

The Valckeniers are a Dutch family by birth, residence, and outward earmarks. But the small triumphs and deep griefs of childhood, the warm affection of husband and wife, mother and child, simple, satisfying as a little boy's bowl of bread and milk in the security of home, belong to all of us, yesterday, today, and tomorrow.

Unhappy Climbers

THE LOST TRAVELLER. By Antonia White. New York: The Viking Press. 312 pp. $3.

By SARA HENDERSON HAY

THIS IS the story of three people, mother, father, and daughter, their emotional relationships to each other, and their individual struggles, through personal crises, to face themselves and reality. Claude Batchelor was a master in a London boys' school, St. Mark's, a classical scholar, a convert to Catholicism, a man in whom the romantic and the ascetic were constantly and painfully at war. His self doubts and repressions turned him in upon himself, to torture him with feelings of inadequacy and guilt; the esthete in him found its release in his passionate and (to his daughter) embarrassing admiration of the attributes of wealth and position. He would have loved to be rich and elegant and aristocratic; he occasionally pretended, going to dinner and the opera and to supper afterwards, that he was all of these. His wife, Isabel, also a convert to

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Catholicism (mostly because she felt that it was an aristocratic religion) was a neurotic, vain, childish woman, born, as she constantly reminded him, "with one skin too few"—implying a sensitivity and delicacy of mind and body far superior to most peoples'. And Clara, the daughter, at the time the book opens, was a girl of fifteen, most of whose childhood had been spent at a convent school, a school more expensive than her father could afford but where he hoped that along with getting a thorough grounding in the faith she would also benefit from association with the daughters of the wealthy continental families who patronized Mt. Hilary's. Poor Clara felt out of place there, as she felt out of place and uncomfortable everywhere. She was in that limbo of adolescence, neither child nor young woman, full of emotions and impulses and desires which she could neither understand nor express; adoring her father yet agonizingly unable to please him, resenting her mother's resentment of that attachment, and unwittingly hostile to Isabel's attempts to establish some sympathy between them. The whole unhappy household, where no one understands the other or is able to make himself understood, and the three people trapped in a mesh of evasions and pretenses and private dream worlds, are drawn with extreme skill and psychological insight.

The profound influence of the Catholic faith upon its believers and its claims upon their lives is one of the principal themes of the book. In the two years covered by the story Clara grows up out of her bewilderment and sense of unreality, and Claude and Isabel meet personal emotional crises which bring them to a better awareness of realities.

Miss White is a writer of sensitivity and perception and she handles the psychological complexities of her characters with great skill, though I have the feeling that in the mother's case the author changed her mind, mid-book, about the kind of person she was portraying. Isabel's metamorphosis is not so convincing as Clara's, nor is, as a matter of fact, Claude's. Perhaps some subtlety escaped me, but I had the impression that some step had been made too easy. The character of Clara, especially in the first part of the book, is extraordinarily well done, though here again I felt a bit credulous about Clara's intellectual maturity in comparison with her curious immaturity about other things. But as a whole the book is an engrossing study of human personalities and their problems, and Miss White writes with real beauty and distinction.

Against Nazis & Slaveholders

BAVARIAN STORY. By Ethel Mannin. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. 314 *pp.* $3.

BARRACOON. By Harry Hervey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 275 *pp.* $3.

By Robert Pick

THE FIRST part of Miss Mannin's latest novel tells a tale which has been presented frequently in the fiction of the past fifteen years: the struggle in a small South German community between its devout Catholics and the ruthless Nazi faction. Seen in the light of the notorious record of, say, the pious Oberammergauers under the Hitler regime, such a story no longer has much importance as a piece of realistic fiction. Still Miss Mannin, a competent writer, has a good cast to set her novel into motion. There is, above all, Gabriel, the music master and choir leader of her Bavarian village, whose concern about the souls of the young is credible enough and even moving despite a great amount of sentimentality about him. The Nazis are true to type. Their spiteful attempt to remove an ancient hillside crucifix, and the strange happenings that blasphemy engenders, instill some genuine drama into the plot. So does the figure of the unhappily married Gabriel and his love for Lucia, the attractive and courageous daughter of the local hardware dealer.

With the novel spanning the entire stretch of Nazi rule and World War II, the course of events confronts the girl, in its second part, with the affection of a likable Irish-born GI. Curiously, the British author presents the men and officers of the American Occupation Army with far more sympathy than some of her American fellow novelists recently did. For all his verbosity and occasional antics, Mike Gerahty is all right. But perhaps it is just as well that Lucia remains with her own folk in the end and marries Gabriel, who, returned from concentration camp, has found himself conveniently widowed.

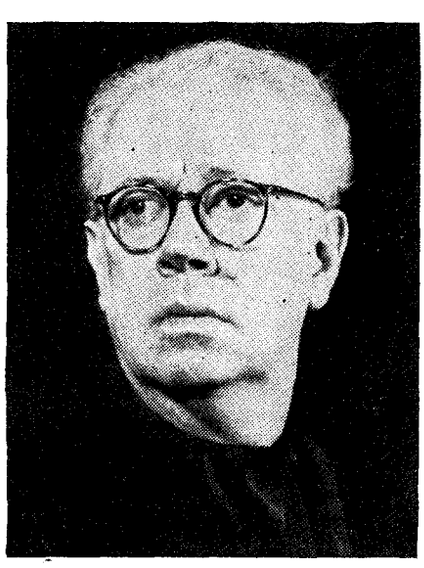
* * *

THE scene of "Barracoon," an historical romance, is a slave-trading post on the Portuguese West African coast in the 1850's. The story's heroine is Maria Tristao, married off to Arsenio de Castro, a man whose sordid commercial pursuits become known to the beautiful girl only upon her arrival at "Galley's End." Her proximity there to the "barracoons"—stockade pens the newly captured slaves are kept in—upsets Maria's whole inner being. Pretty soon the cruelty, the trickery, spitefulness, and licentiousness of her husband reveal themselves fully to her. Little as Senhor de Castro comes to life in this novel, his violent death will gratify the reader. It finds his wife in the throes of a deep affection for one of the British naval officers charged with enforcing their country's antislavery measures upon the lanes of the shameful trade. That Maria, tragically involved in guilt despite her goodness, does not join the decent young man on his homebound voyage belongs to the more original features of the present book.

The enigmatic jungle resounding with the nerve-wrecking rhythms of

—*Tanqueray.*

Ethel Manning—"concentration camps."



Harry Hervey—"stockade pens."

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tom-toms, the pitiless heat and dampness, the demoralization of white men exposed to the sight of black women's naked bodies, the *bon sauvage* and proud, virile Negro prince, a Christian's belief confronted with the realities of a world shaped by men who call themselves Christian—these are some of the less original aspects of Mr. Hervey's story. Within the genre he must have aimed at, however, he succeeds well, and is not likely to disappoint those who follow his well-constructed drama.

The Trials of Two Nightingales

A LAMP IS HEAVY. By Sheila MacKay Russell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 257 pp. $3.

DR. KATHERINE BELL. By Evelyn Harter. New York: Doubleday & Co. 274 pp. $3.

By Stephanie Benét

THE first book, relating one nurse's three years in training, is told with a simplicity, freshness, and humor that make the old story new. As Susan Bates, the heroine, stumbles through three years of heartache, laughter, and labor her gradual maturation is traced with sympathy and a wealth of realistic detail. Miss Russell seems to remember well what it was to be young and inexperienced, naive and helpless—suddenly exposed to suffering, pain, and disaster. All the usual things happen to Susan—she has troubles in the operating room; she meets a handsome red-haired doctor —but Miss Russell's treatment of the usual stock situations is at many times highly amusing. There is, furthermore, some extremely sensible and well-thought-out criticism of the present-day system of training doctors and nurses. This book would seem to have been written principally for the teen-age and high-school group but would certainly afford amusement to anyone contemplating a nurse's career and to those who have previously passed through the mill. The style is simple and characters not overly well developed, but a noticeable lack of sentimentality and some good, sound evidence about the pitfalls surrounding nursing, are present. The author remembers well just how heavy that lamp can be and is yet able to reminisce with humor and detachment.

* * *

EVELYN HARTER starts Dr. Bell off in medical school and with painstaking thoroughness traces her progress from interne to general practitioner to wife and mother. Mrs. Harter evidently wished to give as complete an account as possible of the trials, tribulations, and conflicts encountered by the average woman doctor. Her background material is excellent—all the medical folklore and actual information on the life led by a struggling young doctor seems sound and thorough. The net effect, however, is disappointing. Mrs. Harter may have detailed medical information at her fingertips but she unfortunately does not possess the ability to create characters of flesh and blood. With the possible exception of Grandma, the people traveling this medical maelstrom are stereotypes, and Mrs. Harter's style, which consists of a chronological cataloguing of facts, does little to make them more effective. There are good ingredients here for a successful and challenging novel but the finished product hardly fulfills the promise given. The intellectual and emotional conflicts faced by Dr. Bell seem to lack validity. The conflict with her husband over socialized medicine, which could have become a profoundly absorbing climax, deteriorates into a tangle of words and confused thinking. Dr. Bell, herself, simply does not elicit the reader's sympathy. She emerges not as a warm human being struggling with essential problems but as an enigma studded with theories. Unfortunately, it takes more than a presentation of conflicts to invite a reader's participation in the life story of an individual. It is essential that the reader sympathize and enter into the experiences of the characters presented. This simply does not happen with "Dr. Katherine Bell." The stage is well set for varied climaxes—marriage versus a career, the expenses of medical school versus poverty, etc., etc., but this documentary of a doctor's life remains basically dull and lifeless.

Things Subdued and Dark

(For Mrs. Edward MacDowell)

By I. L. Salomon

TWILIGHT comes to the hillside first
in muted gathering of shade;
no fire is left where sunfire burst,
burning the woodland colonnade.

By sleight of time across the dusk,
a cloud lies free of the golden spool,
one end looped over the crescent tusk
of the moon, remote and bright and cool.

Nearer, the crickets chirr and click,
and pause, — with sound enough to spare;
as lighting sparks to a sputtering wick,
the fugitive fireflies dart, and flare.

Poised to no purchase, a hummingbird,
a ruby-throat on cirrus wing,
assaults a rose; as the day's absurd
grandeur succeeds in vanishing.

The garden, starred with sweet alyssum,
encircles aster and golden glow,
English mallow, pink in blossom,
and a patch of paintbrush calico.

And the heart, in hurt of shadow, grieves
as fir-tassel and flake of fallen bark
are the shards of wounds, when twilight cleaves
to the shape of things, subdued and dark.

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Fiction Notes

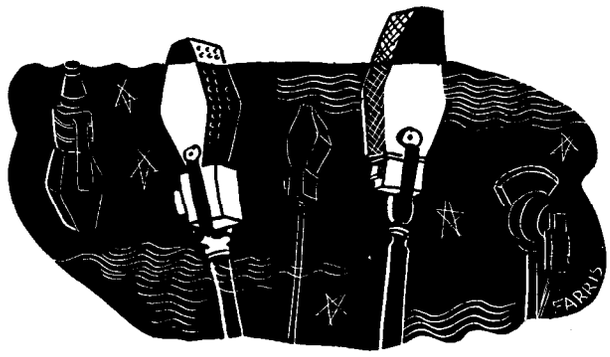
ANYWOMAN, by Fannie Hurst. Harper. $3. There is a certain old-fashioned quality about the novels of Fannie Hurst which continues to appeal. She may, as in "Anywoman," refer to the atom bomb and the analyst. But you know that the people and plot of a Fannie Hurst novel have not been changed by any of these things.

Her heroines—this is one is called Rose Cologne—are still kind to old people and suffer from being too warm-hearted and generously old-fashioned in their love for men. The men they meet are, if stable, likely to be too staid and wrapped up in work and tied to their mother's apron strings—like Mark Filliatraut, the village doctor from the better side of the tracks, whom Rose almost married. Or they are sensuous and unscrupulous—like Frank Caesar, the swimming instructor, for whom Rose gave up everything in life she had held most dear. The result, as you have probably guessed, is trouble. In fact a succession of dreadful troubles —the poverty, the abortionist, the money stolen from her little jar for race-track betting, and the unkind sneers of the righteous who did not understand.

A less noble woman might look back on her life and consider that maybe she'd made a few mistakes or been wrongly treated. But not Rose, not a Fannie Hurst heroine. At the end of the book, looking back, she couldn't see much but "fears, dreads, and worse" and, she knew, "it was always going to be like this." But, sitting there with her incurably crippled husband who was as likely to beat her as to wheel off with another woman, she said: "If I had my life to live over again, darling—I would do it exactly this way."

LET GO OF YESTERDAY, by Howard Breslin. Whittlesey House. $3. Harold Breslin's second novel is a gentle celebration of the life of a pleasantly imagined Irish-American family in the New York of the Twenties and Thirties. The slight story—actually no more than a series of vignettes about daily life in the Callan household—is strung upon the reveries of Larry Callan, the younger son, as he waits in a hospital where his mother lies dying. Mostly through his eyes we view the various members of his family as they lived through the two decades preceding World War II. We witness the death of the older folks and the growing up of the younger. And we see the changing family fortunes,

(*Continued on page* 32)



A Businessman Under Every Bed

DAVID L. COHN

"SAY, WHERE have I seen you before?" said the one man to the other at McTigue's bar. The man addressed stared for a moment and replied, "Oh, I know. I met you under the bed at 1523 Maple Street, Elyria, Ohio. You were doing a survey of customer reaction for Tessy, the Bra with the Built-in Allure, and I was doing the same thing for Cloudcrest Mattresses. You remember the hell of a time we had keeping the other two fellows out. I don't mind helping a guy—even a competitor—but it was pretty crowded under that bed as it was."

Here were two brave representatives of business, out on the turbulent frontier, gathering information for the use of headquarters. But now they are jobless. We are doing things in a better way. And the better way is proof of the fact that such is the ingenuity of business, such its will to beat last year that it can sink to an occasion as well as rise to it.

The *New York Herald Tribune* recently reported:

> The use of hidden microphones and wire recorders to "eavesdrop" on retail salespeople was described yesterday by Porter Henry, president of Horton & Henry, Inc., at the fortieth annual meeting of the Association of National Advertisers.

The microphones recording conversations between salesmen and customers revealed that the majority of the salesmen were sabotaging progress, whacking away at the Constitution, bringing nearer the day of our ruin. They were guilty of these crimes:

1. They went upon the violent assumption that the customer has a mind, that she is capable of using it, and hence "waited patiently for the customer to make up her mind." The assumption is dangerous to the stability of the nation's economy, for if customers begin to suspect that they do have minds, and misguided salesmen encourage them to use their brains, sales in many quarters would drop sharply.

2. Saboteurs disguised as salesmen even went so far in 10 per cent of the cases as to suggest to the customer that she think it over before laying the money on the barrelhead.

3. Nine times in ten the salesman made no effort to sell an additional item. If, that is, a woman bought a silver-mounted teething ring, the salesman, unfaithful to his trust, did not tell her that she would enjoy a trip to Bermuda if she should go equipped with a fitted traveling bag.

Mr. Henry, articulate as well as ingenious, explained, according to *The New York Times*, that "with recording equipment concealed at the store counter . . . incompetence . . . in salespeople can be measured and a remedial program devised."

We all ought to be grateful to Mr. Henry, whose resourcefulness gives us the lead by which every man (as well as business) can be his own eavesdropper and, facts in hand, devise a remedial program to fit the case, ranging from persuasion to mayhem. Think, moreover, of what this might mean to business.

The potential sales of fifty million microphones to fifty million alert Americans . . . jeweled, damascened, emerald-inlaid mikes to be sold in jewelry stores to aristocratic eavesdroppers . . . plastic mikes for the sweaty rabble who shop in chain stores . . . monogrammed mikes for Christmas gifts concealed amid the mistletoe . . . combination television-microphone sets . . . vest-pocket mikes, wrist-watch mikes, evening-bag mikes, a mike for every man, woman, and

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child, thousands of mike repair shops, and mike-equipped grammar-school children lisping their grammar lesson:

I eavesdrop for you,
You eavesdrop for me,
We eavesdrop for one another.

Huge microphone sales . . . employment in the tens of thousands . . . a boom in Amalgamated Eavesdroppers common stock . . . and a glorious new word to enrich our vocabulary. "He can't fool me," said the lady. "I've had him benedicted a long time"; or, "I've got his benedict, all right."

The mike will not only create business positively but also, so to speak, negatively. Thus, directors of corporations, fearful of mikes concealed by stockholders or labor unions, will rent shallow salmon streams for their meetings and, standing midstream in rubber boots, conduct their business. Upstream, at the same time perhaps, a labor union, fearful of the corporation's mikes, will conduct its meeting, and so there will be created new business in the form of leasing shallow streams, sales of rubber boots, and Jacques Fath waterproofs for stenos.

Think, too, of the millions to be spent on advertising. "Bill wondered why he was never popular. Now he is the life of the party. With his Midget Mike concealed in his ear, and our Invisible Wire Recorder in his coin clip, he gets everything said by everybody at parties and plays it back to the crowd. Fun! Thrills galore! Laughs! Surprises! Now Bill is the most popular man in town."

There will be an annual award of $50,000 to the Best Eavesdropper of the Year, and a $10,000 award to the Best Junior Eavesdropper. "Last night," said the Oakmont (Iowa) *Tocsin*, "at ceremonies in the Oakmont High School, pretty, flaxen-haired, thirteen-year-old Delia Dalrymple was awarded the $10,000 prize for the best Junior Eavesdropper of the year. Concealing a junior-size mike in her father's office, Delia learned that her father was planning a trip to Indianapolis with his secretary. Delia is using part of her prize money to send her mother to Reno for a divorce."

Mr. Henry, therefore, has opened to us new vistas of business and social advancement. He has shown us the way to elevate eavesdropping—already an enterprise of considerable proportions—to the status of a national institution. What the FBI, the district attorney, or Central Intelligence can do we can now all do. And for a people who have long found privacy repulsive he has shown us how to abolish it. Hereafter every woman's petticoat will be showing, and every man's shorts, while we all have fun playing the make-believe of the police state.

History. *The European nations which most effectively shaped the modern world are treated in the dozen new historical works reviewed below. England, from Roman times to the present, is the subject of four books, including R. J. Cruikshank's "Charles Dickens and Early Victorian England" and Shaw Desmond's "The Edwardian Story"; France of the late Middle Ages and early modern times is the subject of three books, including C. V. Wedgwood's excellent "Richelieu and the French Monarchy"; Germany over the past two centuries is treated in two volumes; Spain, rarely given historical analysis in English, is surveyed in a single volume, Rafael Altamira's "History of Modern Spain"; and Russia is discussed in three, Gladys Scott Thomson's "Catherine the Great and the Expansion of Russia," Christopher Hill's "Lenin and the Russian Revolution," and John Albert White's "The Siberian Intervention." Five of these books are additions to the interesting new Teach Yourself History Library.*

One Who Really Knows the English

THE EDWARDIAN STORY. By Shaw Desmond. New York: The Macmillan Co. 356 pp. $3.50.

By Garrett Mattingly

THE TITLE, the jacket, the table of contents neatly categorized into "Art," "The City," "Literature," "Etiquette," "Politics," and so forth, and the generous array of illustrations, mostly photographs of the period and some quite charming, all conspire to persuade the unwary browser that this is another of those informal social histories of only yesterday or, since this is about the reign of H.B.M. Edward VII (reg. 1901-10), only day before yesterday, of the kind which have provided so much, recently, of our literature of escape. But the author's name should be ample warning that the reader is in for something rather different. Among his many careers, Shaw Desmond was once a journalist but it is hard to believe that he was ever much of a reporter. He remarks that when he was in Fleet Street the demand was for a man who could use his own personality since "facts are only what you make them." And why ever should he go mousing around libraries and crawling through old files looking for dead facts when he himself remembers the Edwardian era, and particularly his own astonishingly wide-ranging part in it, with such gusto, and has, as one of the two men now living who really understands the English character (his own shy estimate), so much to say about it? In fact, he has so much to say about so many things that it is a miracle how he ever gets back, now and then, to his announced subject, and one feels sure that he could have written quite as long and quite as entertainingly about the Edwardians without remembering them at all.

—*From "Other Peoples' Lives."*

Not that Shaw Desmond cannot do the ordinary social historian's stunt when he buckles down to it. He has two or three pages on a rural cricket match and half a dozen on the music halls, which anyone who remembers pre-1914 England will find magically evocative, and a section — one is tempted to say a digression — on Edwardian table manners, which is pretty funny no matter what you remember. But mostly he is content to let the reader do his own remembering if he can, to list the plays and routs of a long past season, and cry, "Ah, those were the days!" and hurry on to the subject which really absorbs him. So the chapter about literature, after a panegyric on Kipling, which is perfectly in the period in style and judgment, becomes a series of recaptured vignettes of Shaw Desmond watching G. K. Chesterton get out of a hansom cab and

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—*Illustrations from "Charles Dickens and Early Victorian England."*

A Soup Kitchen in Ratcliff Highway

Shaw Desmond lunching with A.E. or arguing with Bernard Shaw; "Politics" is Shaw Desmond running, unsuccessfully, against John Burns for Parliament; "Sport" is Shaw Desmond watching his friend George Hackenschmidt defeat the Terrible Turk, and all the other chapters are similarly enriched with reminiscences of the author's favorite hero. And with that hero's judgments of the past and of the present, of time and of mortality, of Woman (Mr. D's cap) and of human nature. "Human nature is still 'human,' " he tells us solemnly several times. For although Desmond is not quite as old as he would sometimes hint, he is old enough (just) to remember the reign of Edward VII, and surely no man of his age has led a more varied, active life or accumulated a greater store of ripe clichés.

Sometimes the clichés, the judgments, the attitudes are so exactly right for the period, for a crusty, whimsical old codger who was once an Edwardian dandy and a radical Edwardian Socialist, that one suspects a deliberate counterfeit, an elaborate Irish leg-pull. Against this view we have the evidence of style. With care, the profusion of unnecessary capitals, of coy inverted commas, of question marks and exclamation points could be faked. But take one exceptional, on my honor, run-of-the-mill sentence: "When I broke my virgin lance in 'The Street of Ink and Lies,' Edward had nearly reached the end of his earthly enjoyment." How could anyone go on writing like that for more than 300 pages and never crack a smile, unless he meant it?

Old Curiosity Shop

CHARLES DICKENS AND EARLY VICTORIAN ENGLAND. By R. J. Cruikshank. New York: Chanticleer Press. 308 *pp.* $4.50.

By Crane Brinton

DICKENS is hardly even the string on which Mr. Cruikshank hangs the beads of this Victorian miscellany. The "Pickwick Papers" were first published in 1837, the year Queen Victoria came to the throne, the year with which Mr. Cruikshank begins. Dickens died in 1870, in which year Mr. Cruikshank ends his book. There are frequent references to Dickens and his characters in the book but not enough to justify the order of words in the title. This is in fact a kind of literary Old Curiosity Shop for the Age of Dickens and Victoria, an informal and anecdotal social history, nicely illustrated from contemporary paintings and drawings, and accompanied by a running commentary from Mr. Cruikshank, who is obviously well at home in these years.

There is a lot in this Old Curiosity Shop, piled up rather unsystematically, certainly not neatly arranged to provide an exhibition of the range and depth of Victorian life and thought. Mr. Cruikshank is no pretentious theorist of history or sociology. He feels nostalgic about the nineteenth-century past, though not more so than is eminently proper in these days. He admires, again with the wistfulness proper to these days of ours, the energy and optimism of the men and women who put Britain for a while at the head of the league, on the very top of the heap. And he has lived long enough in the twentieth century to feel just a bit older and wiser, if only through shared suffering, than these Victorians. But such sentiments come through only occasionally in the book, which is by no means a mere set of personal reactions. Mr. Cruikshank wants us to sample the immense range of the Victorians, see how they lived in the round of ordinary life, see their houses, their plumbing, their marvelous gas lighting, their railways, their amusements, their tastes, their infinite variety. He is especially eager for us to see, not precisely the seamy side of their lives, but at least the saltier and more fantastic sides, their search for ecstasy and depth, their honest respect for eccentricity, their frequent earthiness, all that escaped the simple formulas about Victorian propriety that still survive in some of our schoolbooks in this country.

More Mr. Cruikshank clearly does not care to do. This is at best a rambling book, and one that will seem rather trivial to the serious-minded searcher for historical uniformities, or at least historical explanations. It is pleasantly written, just a little too close to whimsically written for an austere taste. And, of course, it is not the kind of book with which to begin one's acquaintance with Victorian England. But if you know that far country a bit already—and, despite the bitter complaints that American education never gets back into any of the classics, most literate Americans have lived vicariously a while in Victorian days—you will find in Mr. Cruikshank's scattered pages some pleasant mixtures of the familiar and unfamiliar, some new angles of vision.

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Five Characters Who Made History

HENRY V AND THE INVASION OF FRANCE. By E. F. Jacob. New York: The Macmillan Co. 207 pp. $2.

ERASMUS AND THE NORTHERN RENAISSANCE. By Margaret Mann Phillips. The same. 236 pp.

RICHELIEU AND THE FRENCH MONARCHY. By C. V. Wedgwood. The same. 204 pp.

CATHERINE THE GREAT AND THE EXPANSION OF RUSSIA. By Gladys Scott Thomson. The same. 294 pp.

LENIN AND THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. By Christopher Hill. The same. 245 pp.

By Geoffrey Bruun

THE TEACH Yourself History Library, edited by A. L. Rowse, is growing rapidly. Of the two-score volumes arranged for half are now in print and five listed above are noteworthy additions. Each unit in this series is an independent biography designed "to open up a significant historical theme" by discussing the life of a significant historical character. The project as a whole has been criticized (*SRL* Dec. 31, 1949) for its apparent lack of symmetry and integration but a final judgment on these major questions must wait until the series is complete. The volumes so far produced, though somewhat uneven, have maintained a praiseworthy blend of sound scholarship and popular appeal. Every academic writer knows that this is an exacting recipe and that the biographical approach to history has peculiar hazards and limitations.

The format adopted for the individual volumes is modest but each is embellished with maps as end papers, a picture or two, a bibliographical note and a good index. The body of the book consists of sixty or seventy thousand words of unrelieved prose —unrelieved, that is, except by the author's art. "I am a strong believer in people with good academic standing writing once more for the general public," the editor declares in his general introduction, and these five contributors reflect his skill as a talent scout. All write a clear, forthright, entertaining prose, popular in the better sense, and all but one reveal an effortless mastery of the period and problems they interpret.

In "Henry V and the Invasion of France" Dr. E. F. Jacob of All Souls College, Oxford, cheerfully tackles the type of assignment most historians dread. Shakespeare—and Sir Laurence Olivier—have perpetuated such a romantic concept of Henry's character that the public would be alienated by a documented destruction of it. Dr. Jacob acclaims the stage and screen version as a fine thing in the realm of the theatrical, then deftly transmutes it into a reasoned historical synthesis. Henry V remains a shining warrior prince; it is the background and atmosphere skilfully contrived in these pages that correct the dramatic exaggerations. In the end the reader accepts a more authentic figure, still attractive, but more subtle, more selfish, more calculating, a medieval ruler shaped by the ambitions, limitations, and superstitions of his age. The judgment rendered is still too gentle; Henry's foolhardy march that was redeemed by the archers at Agincourt and his greed for continental territory that brought such woe to France and no permanent gain to England are not adequately censured. Nor is the reader reminded that the aftermath of his policy was the burning of Joan of Arc and the expulsion of the English from France.

"Erasmus and the Northern Renaissance" is a tetchy topic. Margaret Mann Phillips, former Fellow of Newnham College, Cambridge, strives valiantly to make the Prince of the Humanists understandable and attractive. But Erasmus is a scholar's scholar. Most modern readers have an impatient feeling that he was a waspish old bore, and they find it difficult to comprehend his influence or to grasp the import of his *philosophia Christi*. If a graceful, penetrating tribute could correct this sour impression Dr. Phillips's study should do so, but it will probably bring more pleasure to specialists who already appreciate Erasmus than to the wider public audience that does not and should.

"Richelieu and the French Monarchy" is a tight and masterly work in which C. V. Wedgwood adds to the laurels she won with her "Thirty Years' War" and "William the Silent." It does not require great talent to make the terrible cardinal a fascinating study; his Mephistophelean features and the romantic pen of Dumas have done that already. But to describe his life and work justly and lucidly in 200 pages is a triumph of historical compression. Few contemporary biographers excel Miss Wedgwood in the hard, bright economy of her style; her phrases have the shimmer of sword play, beautiful and deadly and decisive, and her volume, though the briefest, is the most brilliant of the five.

Gladys Scott Thomson, former Fellow of Somerville College, Oxford,

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

ANAGRAMMED WHODUNITS AND AUTHORS

Clare Ames, of Colombo, Ceylon, has scrambled the titles of twenty whodunits and their authors. Allowing five points for each combination you can unravel, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 33.

1. RUDE CATHEREN EMERGES	N. DAVISSEN
2. CAT CLAUSE RISE, RICH RAT	HENRY TISAMORR BARTER
3. SHOOT WHERE THOU FEAR	ASA WOMEN
4. NIGHT WAS DYED	BERTHA GERM
5. TETEROFF BEACH	SARI NESCLIF
6. HILPETH A LADY PIT HORSE	FRIEDE SOLL
7. CHOW, THO AGED, FIGHTS ELONE	ASTRED NELLA RYGREEN
8. TIM LAYS FOR FREE SUP	ROSA HAMING
9. HERR DOKTOR CAME FOR YE DRUG	CATARISA HEIGHT
10. RIGHTEN ICY STRESS	LAME LEBESEY
11. I DROWND DOE	CEDRIC SHANKSEL
12. CURLADA	ROBERT MASK
13. HAM FISH SCORNS BOILD DINORS	JESSY LEAH MACHADE
14. HEN WIPES SHELT	HOBLOY DEWAR POTATOE
15. HEART! OIL! TENNIS!	RADSERTH YOYOS
16. NO LENGTH, OLD FACE	THELMA DE LA SMITH
17. HEETH KILLED ANYTA	MARY AND ROD LENCH
18. SLATTERN SCATES	CLYTE BEEN
19. TEN REAL G-MEN	BANJO HUNCH
20. MEET JOHN T. RUFUS	CLARE LA GAWDE

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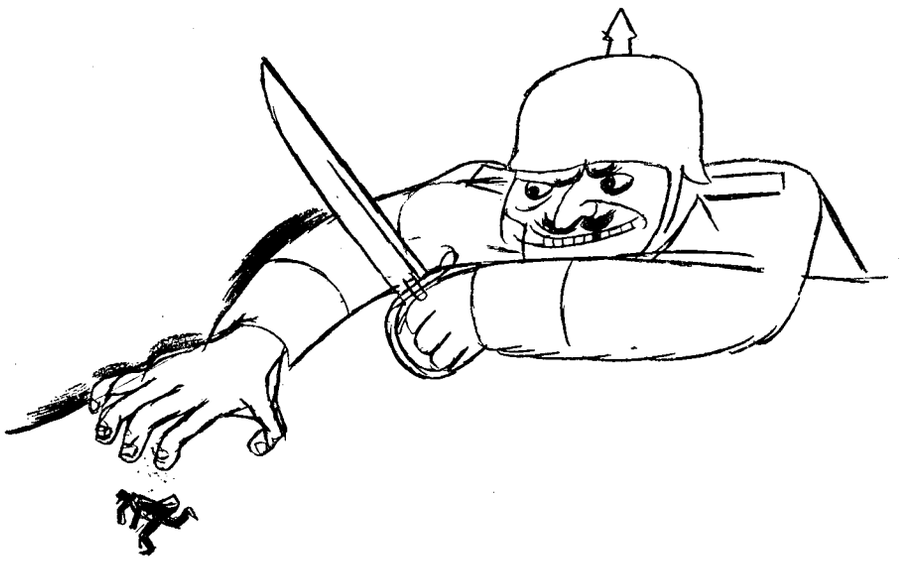
likewise drew a subject with dramatic appeal. Catherine the Great of Russia had a career no biographer need highlight for effect and Miss Thomson gives it a stirring recital. But she does considerably more; the setting is expertly sketched, the cities, social background, even the physical geography of eighteenth-century Russia are described with precision, and space is found for the arts and sciences.

"Lenin and the Russian Revolution" opens on the same stage a century after Catherine's death. Christopher Hill, Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, presents with more courage than consistency a eulogy of Lenin that few Americans will read with patience. "Lenin was what Cromwell and Napoleon were not—also a thinker. No one since Calvin has so combined the two roles." And, "The Russian Revolution has demonstrated that the common people of the earth . . . can take over power and run the state even more effectively than their 'betters.'" This brash volume is the least scholarly, least discriminating, least judicious, and least documented of the five. But as Lenin was not the first to observe, "Everyone acts according to his lights."

Deutschland Since Caesar



—*From "A Little Yes and a Big No."*

GERMANY: 2,000 YEARS. By Kurt F. Reinhardt. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Co. 765 pp. $8.50.

By Alfred Werner

AT LEAST a half dozen comprehensive, one-volume histories of Germany have appeared here in the past decade. Their authors fall into two classes: those who wonder how a nation that produced Goethe, Kant, and Bach could also have created such monsters as Goering, Goebbels, and Himmler; and those who wrack their brains to explain how a people that produced Nazism and all its attendant barbarity could ever have enriched mankind with some of its greatest spiritual works. Stanford's Professor Reinhardt, a native of Germany, who was an editor and an active member of the Catholic Centrist Party during the Weimar Republic, has no axe to grind. He gives us a sober and more or less reliable story of the German nation, but with such a wealth of names and dates that the volume is more suited for reference use than for quick reading.

We are taught German history from the time of Julius Caesar, the first outstanding personality to describe the Germanic tribes from actual contact, to the usurpation of power by Hitler. But the author eschewed a description of the Nazi era itself, partly because he thought that we are still too close to this period to treat it objectively and partly because there is already an abundant literature on this subject anyway. Yet his unequivocal condemnation of Hitlerism is apparent. It is felt in his assertion that Germany can really exist only as an integral part of occidental tradition, a bridge between East and West. In the words of Professor Reinhardt:

> If there is any lesson to be gleaned from 2,000 years of German history, it may be said to be the realization that Germany is always most substantially herself when, and as long as, she remains conscious of her European anchorage, inheritance, and responsibility, and that the temporary loss of this consciousness entails a betrayal that invites disaster and exacts retribution.

"Germany: 2,000 Years" distinguishes itself favorably from other recent histories that deal in painstaking detail with the activities of emperors and kings, bishops and generals, but tell us very little about the economic, social, and cultural life of the ordinary Germans. It is, indeed, surprising how much information on literature, art, music, religion, trade, fashions, and manners in each period has been squeezed into this book. Yet the demands of scholarship have not been stinted. There are maps, illustrations, chronological tables, and a vast bibliography.

While Dr. Reinhardt rarely permits himself the luxury of expressing any unorthodox opinions of his own and prefers the comfortable role of a middle-of-the-roader, his infrequent deviations are bound to cause some concern. He uses unscholarly language when emphasizing the "typically Indo-Germany wanderlust" and when hailing "German *Innerlichkeit*" (inwardness) and condemning German intemperance; for all nations and tribes have at times roamed the roads for economic rather than emotional reasons and all nations have their share of inwardness and drunkenness. The author is inconsistent when he acquits the Vandals of the charge of having been impervious to higher cultural influences and yet scolds them for having succumbed "to the sophistication, the luxuries, and the moral corruption of Mediterranean culture" —thus indulging in nineteenth-century German prejudices towards the allegedly lewd and inferior Italians.

He is misinformed on the true meaning of "*Stadtluft macht frei*" (the air of the city makes free). Far from being just a "proverbial saying" without importance, it expressed a medieval law according to which peasants who had fled from their lords into a city could not be apprehended there but gained complete freedom under the protection of the city walls. It is not true, as Dr. Reinhardt claims, that the medieval peasant was better off than a slave—why, then, did peasants flee to the cities, just as Negroes used to flee across the Mason and Dixon line? Nor can we agree with his condemnation of the Peasants' Wars. There is little "reactionary" and "retrogressive" in the famous Twelve Articles, demanding, among other things, the abolition of serfdom, the tithe, and the death tax (the latter robbed widows and children of most of their inheritance).

Being an ardent Catholic, Dr. Reinhardt cannot help preferring Peter

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Canisius, the first German Jesuit and the "second Apostle of Germany," to Martin Luther. Still, he is somewhat unfair to Protestanism by blaming Germany's division on it. The Reich might have become as undividedly Protestant as are the Scandinavian countries, had not the Vatican used its secular arm to restore Catholicism by force wherever there was a chance. As for Dr. Reinhardt's observation on certain after-effects of the Thirty Years' War, we find it particularly unhappy: "The purity and strength of the racial stock suffered from miscegenation." Is this Herr Hitler talking?

Equally surprising is his biased judgment of the noble Hapsburg Emperor, Joseph II. He dismisses the work of this humanitarian, who abolished torture and religious discrimination, as "hasty and sometimes ill-considered reforms," and praises his contemporary Frederick II, for having introduced precisely the same reforms in Prussia. Is Dr. Reinhardt's dislike of Joseph II caused by the fact that this Austrian Catholic dared to curb the power of Catholicism in his lands?

As for Bismarck, the author is astonishingly kind to him when he states that he merely "re-edited" the Prussian King's rebuttal of Napoleon III's peace offer. Actually, the Iron Chancellor brazenly distorted his king's answer so as to leave the French no other choice but that of war. On the other hand, Bismarck is blamed for having destroyed German unity by excluding the Sudeten Germans and Austrians from the Kaiserreich. Surely Professor Reinhardt never approved of Hitler—but wasn't it Hitler who forced all German-speaking people into One Reich, whether they liked it or not? As a former Austrian, this reviewer cannot help noticing the author's hostility to Austria, which he treats as a sort of *bête noire* that allegedly dragged Germany into World War I, while William II is portrayed as a paragon of conciliatoriness! Incorrect, too, is the treatment of the historic meeting that ultimately precipitated all the ills of 1933-45. It is hard to believe that the wily Von Papen or the smart industrialists and bankers whom he introduced to Hitler were naive enough to assume that the encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno* could be harmonized with the demands of Nazism. They were not interested in the encyclical at all but in the preservation of the economic status quo.

But these critical remarks do not mean that the book is entirely biased and hence of small scholarly value. On the contrary, they merely refer to some mistakes and controversial opinions which it is a critic's duty and privilege to point out.

Correcting Errors and Half-Truths

George Stimpson—"Hawkshaw of history."

A BOOK ABOUT AMERICAN HISTORY. By George Stimpson. New York: Harper & Bros. 436 *pp.* $3.50.

By Bradford Smith

GEORGE STIMPSON, that Hawkshaw of history and factotum of the fact, has been digging around in the past again and has come up with a book on American history to match his other volumes, "A Book About a Thousand Things" and "A Book About the Bible." Stimpson is the kind of man who loves to ask questions and question all the usual answers. He has here set down several hundred of the questions he asked himself but his answers actually dispose of thousands of questions. The work has occupied him for thirty years.

In an era of uncertainty there is something comforting about a fact. The Stimpson book is packed with facts which crowd each other like the kernels on a good ear of corn. When Mr. Stimpson inquires who said, "Damn the torpedoes," he retells all the circumstances, gives the origin of the word, the history of the torpedo first as a fish then as a weapon, and includes Robert Fulton's torpedo system. When he inquires how Oregon got its name he does not stop until he has given you a miniature history of the state. State names (many of which are of very doubtful meaning) and histories, the origin of famous sayings, and aspects of the Revolutionary and Civil wars take up the major part of the book.

It is a pleasure to see Mr. Stimpson correct, one after another, the vulgar errors and half-truths that have been taught as American history. He shows, for instance, that Pennsylvania was not named after William Penn the Quaker but after his father the Admiral; that witches were never burned at Salem or executed at all in Plymouth; that the Battle of Bunker Hill was not fought on Bunker Hill at all; that it was not General Pershing who said, "Lafayette, we are here."

The few errors which came to my notice in such a massive compilation prove simply that even the erudite Mr. Stimpson is human. It was a jackscrew, not an "iron rod" which saved the *Mayflower* when its main beam cracked; latest researches indicate that the woman and child who survived the Alamo were named Dickerson, not Dickinson; Capt. John Smith named New England to correspond with the name (New Albion) Drake had given our Pacific coast.

As a reference work the book is blessed with an index thorough enough to contain all the following entries: "Fight, I have not yet begun to": "I have not yet begun to fight"; and "Begun, I have not yet, to fight."

It looks as though Mr. Stimpson had provided for all contingencies.

History Notes

GERMANY'S DRIVE TO THE WEST, by Hans W. Gatzke. The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore. $5. This book is valuable; there has been need for a study like it for thirty years. Professor William L. Langer, with his rare instinct for singling out the significant strands of history, first suggested to the author that German annexationist aims in the West during World War I would prove a rewarding subject for investigation. Analyzed here with straightforward logic and explicit documentation, the German plans for keeping Belgium and segments of Eastern France as war conquests stand forth as "the most important problem of German foreign and domestic policy during the First World War." Most German industrialists and militarists favored retention of some part of the areas to the west seized by the German armies in the opening weeks of the war. A vigorous propaganda campaign by the Pan-German League converted millions of sober patriots to this view. It was difficult to reconcile such a *Drang nach Westen* with the pretense that Germany was waging a purely defensive war yet Bethmann-Hollweg endeavored to straddle both arguments in his ambiguous public utterances. After he was forced from office by Hindenburg and Ludendorff in 1917

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and the control definitely shifted from the political to the military party the expansionist program received official sanction. So long as those in power clung to annexationist aims only an annihilating German victory could have ended the war; after 1917, therefore, the main responsibility for its continuance rested with the German expansionists. Mr. Gatzke's evidence makes the failure of the successive peace feelers understandable and illuminates a neglected aspect of the war-guilt question. If there is anyone who believes that the secret treaties and territorial greed of the Allied Powers were the only or chief impediments to an earlier negotiated peace he should read this judicious exposé.

THE LEGENDARY HISTORY OF BRITAIN: Geoffrey of Monmouth's "Historia Regum Britanniae" and its Early Vernacular Versions, by J. S. P. Tatlock. University of California Press. $7.50. The late John Strong Perry Tatlock, the eminent Chaucer scholar, lived to correct the galley proofs of this exacting and erudite work but the final supervision fell by prearrangement to Germaine Dempster. No previous criticism and commentary on the "Historia Regum Britanniae" has so exhaustively assessed it and its author, the twelfth-century English ecclesiastic and chronicler. During his last twenty years Dr. Tatlock drew upon his own vast knowledge of medieval literature and upon the findings of a multitude of scholars to refine and polish his annotations into a form as definitive as he could make them. Geoffrey of Monmouth's rich compound of literature and invention, wherein he sought to prove that the early British kings were descended from the Trojans, became a treasure trove of plots, anecdotes, and characters for later writers to pillage. Dr. Tatlock rates the "Historia" as "one of the most influential books ever written" and few who follow his patient dissection of it and his evaluation of the early vernacular versions will feel disposed to dispute the verdict.

A HISTORY OF SPAIN, by Rafael Altamira. Translated by Muna Lee. Van Nostrand. $6.75. Rafael Altamira y Crevea is not only one of the most distinguished of living historians and critics; he has achieved equal fame as a jurist and was twice elected (1921 and 1930) to the Permanent Court of International Justice. The publication of his "Historia de España y de la Civilización Española" (four volumes, 1900-11) opened a new epoch in Spanish historiography. For the first time Spanish social, cultural, and institutional developments received adequate and integrated treatment but the work remained incomplete, pausing at 1808. The breadth and vigor of this synoptic survey inspired Charles E. Chapman's "History of Spain" (New York, 1918). In 1936 Señor Altamira completed a one-volume abridgment that was in essence a new text, covering Spanish history from the Stone Age to the twentieth century. It is a boon to have available in English this valuable, compact, objective survey by an acknowledged master. Muna Lee's translation is clear and explicit, fourteen simple maps have been designed for this edition, and there are a hundred widely selected illustrations made from regrettably muddy plates. Tables of principal dates, charts of parallel events, a selected bibliography divided between Spanish and English titles, and a full index fit this work to serve as a college text. It is too terse and factual to attract many casual readers but it vindicates the author's aim, which was to compose "an integral and organic picture of Spanish life."

THE OPENING OF AN ERA: 1848, edited by François Fejtö. Macmillan $4.50. This symposium on the revolutions of 1848-49 was prepared by an international panel of fifteen historians and edited by François Fejtö, who contributed three articles. All the essays except those on Great Britain and the United States were translated for this English edition, which first appeared in London in 1948, with a pertinent introduction by A. J. P. Taylor. Though somewhat uneven in merit and penetration the eighteen essays represent a sincere and scholarly attempt to treat the mid-century revolution in their entirety. "Each writer," the introduction explains, "limits himself to the story of his national revolution; yet each is conscious of the wider European revolution, of which his narrative forms a part."

The result is a series of detailed and intelligent analyses without any overall synthesis. When revolts occur almost simultaneously in a score of European cities it is logical to look for a preconcerted plan, for evidences of collusion. But proof of collusion is difficult to find in 1848—unless the term implies the common susceptibility all inflammable objects reveal in a scorching blast. Romanticism had overcharged the intellectual atmosphere of the age; an economic depression fanned the discontent and the February Revolution in Paris struck the spark. But the impression that persists after reading this competent revaluation of disparate events is that these events do not cohere in any helpful pattern. It is difficult to show that the year 1848 marked either the opening or the closing of an era regardless of the title. —G. B.

THE SIBERIAN INTERVENTION, by John Albert White. Princeton University Press. $6. In publishing this definitive and readable history of the Allied military intervention in the Russian Revolution, the Princeton University Press adds another excellent volume to its long list of careful and objective books about the USSR. Mr. White writes unheated by the passions engendered by the apparently omnivorous Soviet Far Eastern policy of today. Then, the Communists were fighting a civil war and seemingly winning it, only to find American, British, French, Chinese, and Japanese troops camped on Siberian soil and propping up a series of *papier-mâché* counter-revolutionary "governments." Allied motives were diverse: in the beginning they claimed to be establishing a defense line against Germany after the Russian front collapsed; all of them found repugnant in varying degrees the prospect of a Communist state; all of them were concerned to protect property holdings, principally railroads; some thought they were helping the Russian people, and Japan was out flatly for imperial profits and territorial empire. The United States, which never went wholeheartedly into the scheme, withdrew with most of the others in 1920; Japan hung on five years longer. From every Allied standpoint the operation was a failure, saving nothing and leaving behind a suspicion that Russians never forgot and Western diplomats never effaced. To most Americans, this dimly remembered adventure exemplifies a kind of folly we think we've outgrown. But the Soviets constantly relive the affair. Where anti-Communist intervention was once a real fact and a genuine fear, its memory has now become a convenient rationalization for Soviet diplomacy and perhaps the seat of a national neurosis.

—PETER R. LEVIN.

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A Time for Hope

FOR FIVE years the people of the United States and of all the democratic nations which have remained free of Russian domination have lived in a state of suspense, exasperation, and increasing fear. In this country we have seen the words by which we have lived, and on which our ancestors have founded a refuge for the suppressed peoples of Europe, derided and twisted out of their context into hideous and sometimes diabolically clever distortions of their meaning. Of all the nations of the world, we should best know the value of the Declaration we have so recently celebrated, that mankind is entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The United States was founded upon it in 1776; it led directly to the French Revolution, which in the course of time freed all of Europe from autocratic rule. Its origins were deeply embedded in history; in Britain's Magna Charta, in the legal system of Rome, in the ancient struggle of the states of the Greek peninsula to maintain a democratic balance of power.

During this century we have twice engaged in vast European wars, in which the freedom of many nations was at stake. We entered them late, after long political arguments in which the faults as well as the virtues of the democratic system were glaringly illustrated. We turned our backs on the League of Nations after the First World War but five years ago helped to found and became the principal protagonist of the United Nations. One of the major faults of Americans and perhaps of most democracies is optimism for the future. We believed, or were induced to believe, that Russia would hold by the treaties signed by the victorious Allies; at the birth of the United Nations at San Francisco our common sense was again overpowered by eloquent phrases. The five years that followed proved that an international tribunal whose decisions could be reduced to impotence by the veto of major powers, whose hopes for an international police force were illusory, would be unable to keep the peace. Through the slow attrition of our hopes we have been forced to contemplate a world divided into two hostile and armed camps, with the United States leading the democratic nations, faced with an increasingly implacable and relentless power in control of hundreds of millions of people who had been subjected to Russian Communism over a land mass extending from the Baltic and the Mediterranean to the Pacific Ocean.

The awesome concept of a third world war had become so common that it had lost its emotional force, though it rested, like the atomic and the hydrogen bomb, uneasily in our subconscious thoughts, a recurrent nightmare. We were sure that our cause was just, that humanity in Europe and Asia wanted security and freedom. But, as in any long protracted time of anxiety, doubts have entered the minds of those who, searching for some universal solvent, were capable of understanding that there are two sides to every argument. Many have felt that we were giving our trust to words that in vast sections of the world had no meaning: freedom for what purpose; hope for what future; security from what, except poverty, suffering, and early death, ordained by whatever gods were worshiped?

IT seemed to many that we had given our own trust to other futile words: to Marshall plans, to point fours, to arming some of the democratic states, to endless financial and military commitments throughout the world. Irritated but tolerant, we had even become used to the attacks of Europeans who, though recipients of goods, money, and arms, stated that they preferred their freedom of choosing Communism to becoming satellites and colonies of the United States. We had come to accept the theory that it was the fate of democracies to be naive, wavering, and apparently impotent; that only an autocratic state centering its appeal on the amelioration of poverty and hopelessness can control the multitudes and regiment them for war.

The first half of the year 1950 had been profoundly discouraging. While a bold line had been drawn across Europe between the Communist satellite states and the Western democracies, the entire Orient was in chaos. Nationalist China was reduced to a single island; Indo-China, Burma, Malaya,

From This Slow Seat

By Oliver Hale

FROM this slow seat now westerly
the sun moves with the tides,
bringing the moon up, I however
must remain to winter out my time.
Earth marks its limits between cold and warmth,
darkness and light, and I by birth and death.

All nature opened on my light;
the shadows fell away, the earth
grown green revived, renewing strength,
lived out a little then;
now yellows at the tips in this slow seat
from which the sun moves west upon
the tides, bringing the moon up, and
where I, with winter coming, sit
remembering, waiting out my time.

Living is vainglory, boaster
puffing on air; rude spark, it shall
remember you extinguished in
the afterwhile, only because
Silence enfolding you,
recalls your fore-existence in his house.

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the Indonesian Republic, and even the Philippines seemed to be in danger or in mortal peril. Our foreign policy toward Asia was in ruins. It was an election year and it was an American political axiom that no great issue can be settled when Republicans and Democrats are momentarily at each others' throats in the House and the Senate. In addition, Trygve Lie had traveled, hat in hand, to Moscow, and had come back from his private Canossa without even a shred of hope for unity in the United Nations. With every week the division of the world into Communist or non-Communist states was becoming more apparent and the balance between them appeared to be relentlessly swinging against the democracies. During the month of June British hostility toward a plan that might end the immemorial hostility between France and Germany was an omen of the failure of the economic integration of Western Europe.

SUDDENLY in the midst of this summer's heat and confusion the long delayed but anticipated attack against an almost unarmed, democratic state was announced. From the standpoint of the Kremlin the moment and the battleground must have seemed strategically and politically wise and perhaps inevitable. Nearly all thoughtful Americans who knew something of the history of South Korea must have decided that the military situation in that remote land was hopeless and that one more Communist satellite country would shortly be purged into subjection. It was only too easy to foresee protracted, futile debates in Washington and Lake Success and then the recognition of a *fait accompli*. And after that perhaps the deluge!

The Russians, who had perfected the plan, trained and equipped the North Korean Army, had misunderstood the temper of the leaders and the people of the United States; they also failed to take into account the fact that South Korea was a stepchild of both this country and the United Nations. When President Truman suddenly ordered our military forces to save South Korea and when the United Nations with astonishing and heartening speed ordered the North Korean forces back and authorized its members to come to the defense of a country which was the victim of a ruthless and unprovoked attack, the average American felt a stir of hope and pride in his country. If the editorials in papers from one end of the nation to the other, the expressions of private citizens and public men are to be believed, then we are united as we have never been since the end of the war. We have again faith in our Government and perhaps in Providence, too. The United Nations and the almost forgotten motives and wisdom that brought it to birth have almost overnight become a symbol of the future. As Great Britain, France, Italy, the Netherlands, India, and other states have accepted the challenge, the lost hope has revived that an international force might soon be at the disposal of a world organization for peace.

THE future is dark. We do not know whether this brutal attack is the beginning of others around the world-circling periphery of Russia or whether it is only a means of trying the spirit or forces of the West. We do not know whether it will lead directly to a third great war, or indirectly to the One World for which we must always strive. According to the strength of our faith in ourselves and in the symbols and words to which the United States has been dedicated we will individually argue our own optimistic or gloomy views. All of us have a right to our opinions but the prevailing mood is that of thankfulness that the battle has been joined for honest and moral reasons. There is hope in the hearts of most of us that we have at last taken a step that will lead us and the world, through what travails we know not, into the light. —H. S.

Prayer

By Ryah Tumarkin Goodman

WAS he lonely, Lord?
Was he fearful, Lord
In Thy midnight sphere?

Was it dark, Lord?
Was it cold, Lord
When he came to Thee?

In Thy house, Lord
Let him dwell, Lord
Close to Thee.

Bless his soul, Lord,
Make his soul, Lord
Lean toward me.

Good News

▸By special agreement with the American Red Cross, donations from United Nations employees to the blood bank will not in the future be accompanied by cards specifying the race of the donor. Last year blood gifts from U.N. workers were labeled racially.

▸Despite predictions that television would take a heavy toll of reading time, the New York Public Library and its sixty-five branches are lending more books than at any time since 1941.

▸Seven white persons answered a public appeal by a plastic surgeon in Memphis, Tenn., for skin needed to save the life of a seven-year-old Negro girl who suffered burns when her sweater caught fire from a wood stove.

▸After 262 years of French rule, Chandernagore, French settlement near Calcutta, merged de facto with the Indian Union. Chandernagore, with a population of 55,000, was occupied by the French in 1688. It is the first foreign settlement in India to free itself from colonial rule since the attainment of independence.

▸Eleven countries have informed the International Labor Organization that they would support an international convention designed to guarantee equitable pay for women. They are Austria, Belgium, Chile, Cuba, Czechoslovakia, France, Israel, Mexico, Philippines, Poland, and Turkey.

▸Instead of a rude "Danger—Detour" sign motorists in Newport, Rhode Island, found near construction workers on the famed Ocean Drive this sign: "Sorry, we must request you to detour around this construction. We have marked the detour to help you. We appreciate your patience."

▸A network of depository libraries has been established by UNESCO so that the documents it publishes will be available to the public throughout the world. Over seventy states already are covered by this program which still is being expanded.

▸The sheik of Naour, a little town in Transjordan, has come to the rescue of the UNICEF beneficiaries in his community by offering his own camel for the transportation of supplies over roads impassable to vehicles. Every few days, the camel plods to Amman and returns with a load of UNICEF and Red Cross supplies for the 160 children of a Catholic school in Naour.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Pinkie for Diplomat

SIR: Inasmuch as our professional diplomats are failing on all fronts, a campaign for grass-roots diplomacy might not only be in order but should find active backers.

In view of his fame and the wholehearted approval of the public, no one better equipped to head such a movement could be found than Pinkie Pohlman. In view of his individual success, and resultant worldwide renown, he would appear to be the person to spark a program to bring such diplomacy to the little people everywhere in the world in a way in which they could understand and assimilate our American mode of life. It is well within the realms of possibility that this small acorn of individual diplomacy would grow into a mighty oak of lasting world peace.

J. B. WORMELL.

Pasco, Wash.

Bunk and Mr. Swing

SIR: In his article "Is History Bunk?" [*SRL* June 3] Raymond Swing tells us how had different means and tactics been used results would have been different. But is not history supposed to relate what actually did happen independently of the reason why?

When it comes to wondering whether history is bunk Napoleon's definition is more helpful: "fiction agreed upon." And that is especially true of the last two wars, when extravagant propaganda and selfish interests, even among allies, twisted facts to such a degree that reconstruction of realities is an impossible task.

F. G. RAVELLI.

Pacific Grove, Calif.

SIR: "Is History Bunk?" is highly interesting but Mr. Swing is much behind the times if he thinks he is the first to discover the role of accident in history. My own professors more than a generation ago often referred to it and my own students will, I am sure, testify that I never let them forget it.

Mr. Swing does not mention the accident that set off World War I. When the Archduke Francis Ferdinand visited Sarajevo on June 28, 1914, a precise itinerary had been arranged but when, on his entering the town, a first attempt was made to kill him which succeeded only in wounding his adjutant, the order of the procession was changed so that the Archduke might visit the wounded man at the hospital. But no one apparently told the driver of the Archduke's car of the change and he kept it to the route originally scheduled. The car had actually passed the point where Gavrilo Princip was standing, ready to shoot the Archduke, but irresolute; and Francis Ferdinand would have escaped had it not been necessary to back the car up to take the new route. It was at this moment that Princip was able to fire the fatal shot.

But for this chance the royal couple would doubtless have completed their visit to Sarajevo safely and the Austro-Hungarian Government would not have been provided with an excuse for attacking Serbia a month later.

BERNADOTTE E. SCHMITT.

Washington, D. C.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"And you can go tell Lysistrata that I was going fishing anyhow!"

SIR: Congratulations to *SRL* and to Raymond Swing for his excellent "Is History Bunk?" It is fine to come upon a vindication of the individual and even of accident in these oversociologized days.

Yet it seems to me everything that Mr. Swing says was already present in the old saying:

For want of a nail, a shoe was lost;
For want of a shoe, a horse was lost;
For want of a horse, a rider was lost;
For want of a rider, a message was lost;
For want of a message, a battle was lost;
For want of a battle, a kingdom was lost
And all for the loss of a horseshoe nail.

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER.

Washington, D. C.

Where Is Frank Berg?

SIR: I have received a very interesting letter from a young man in Japan who says that his father met a young American many years ago at Kamakura. The American's name was Frank Berg and he was touring Japan. Evidently he left a deep impression on the Nagao family for this son, Yasutugu Nagao, is anxious to find Frank Berg, remembering what his father said about him.

The Nagao family have always been liberals. Yasutugu's grandfather was a Socialist and his father was against Japan's militaristic development. He prophesied the destruction of Japan if they began a war. Both father and grandfather are dead now.

If you or any readers of *SRL* can give me any news of Frank Berg, I should like to pass it on to Mr. Nagao.

PEARL S. BUCK.

Perkasie, Pa.

Sex, Sin & Scripture

SIR: I read with interest the editorial "More Love, Less Loving" [*SRL* June 10]. It is fine that at last we are ready to lift the taboo covering the sexuality of women. But in the editorial you refer to sexuality as . . . "misdeeds" . . . "commoner sins of the flesh" . . . "our equals in virtue and sin". . . . "we are all sinners."

With your terms you are perpetuating a far more insidious and pernicious taboo: the taboo so puritanically American that *Sex Is Sin*. Can books and statistics ever change this?

LUCILLE CANTARELLA.

Topeka, Kan.

SIR: The statement of H. S. in his editorial "More Love, Less Loving" defaming the perfect holy character of God cannot pass unchallenged.

He states that the Creator is more concerned with the continuance of a biological experiment than with (mankind's) moral development. No doubt H. S. felt he had turned a neat phrase, a sure-fire chuckle provoker.

Such a statement is, of course, blasphemous in the extreme. Further, it displays an abysmal ignorance of the

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Book of Books, the Bible, that ill becomes an editor of a literary publication. Even a casual glance would reveal the truth that God is greatly concerned about man's moral development. So concerned, in fact, that He gave His only Son to redeem man's fallen nature and to restore man's original God-like image.

If H. S. is really interested in an authentic appraisal of man's sexual misbehavior, let him read Chapter I of the book Romans, verses 24 to 32. You will find that Mr. Kinsey's revelations are old stuff indeed. You will also find that searching the Scripture is profitable indeed, for it reveals the secret of eternal life.

C. O. Strickler.

Baltimore, Md.

The Writers Write

Sir: Your stimulating and perceptive editorial "In Defense of a Writing Career" [*SRL* June 17], overlooked one of the most serious obstacles to the new novelist.

A conscientiously done first novel often consumes two years at least (three, in my own case) of hard work. Even if a novel eventually proves to be a best seller like "The Egyptian," it may make the rounds of twelve publishers before acceptance—as "The Egyptian" did. The average stay of a manuscript at each publisher is one to two months; that means one to two years before acceptance and any small advance. Then consider that another six months may elapse before publication and still another six months before royalties begin to be paid.

Your new novelist is thus faced with the appalling prospect of working without financial return for two to three years, then waiting with empty pockets for three more years for royalties even if the book is accepted. The stoutest heart may well quail!

I know whereof I speak. About three years ago (after considerable preliminary research) I began writing an historical novel, now finished after twelve rewritings. A publisher took two full months of wavering, gave the Ms. four readings, finally turned it down with a nice detailed letter. If I am lucky enough to find a publisher in my twelfth try—that is still two years before acceptance at this rate of two months to a reading.

In the meantime baby needs shoes. Think thrice before starting that novel, friends!

Henry Schindall.

Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Sir: I've just finished reading your editorial "In Defense of a Writing Career." Shame on you! It's inexcusable that a man of your age and experience should go around telling young writers that if they throw their hearts and souls and guts into their work they may succeed.

For the last three years I've been reading articles on writing, by successful authors. However varied the titles, one thing is always the same—the writer's attitude, which is: "I succeeded but you won't." Consequently I'm shocked by the breach of professional ethics evidenced in your editorial. You're a successful writer and as such you've no right to be hopeful or helpful.

Ever since I graduated from high school six years ago I've been a full-time dirt farmer. It seemed to me that my fellow farmers were the world's biggest whiners. When it rained people said: "This flood encourages corn borers and gives hens croup." When it didn't rain the same ones said: "This drought brings on chinch bugs and ruins the pasture"; when it was cool they said: "Corn doesn't grow in freezing weather," and when it was warm: "Scorching weather stunts the oats and burns up the rye."

Well, after three years spent reading writers on writing, I've now decided farmers are the world's Pollyannas by comparison.

Another thing. Your very unauthorlike advice sounds not only heartwarming but sane.

Robert F. Bennett.

Bourbonnais, Ill.

Sir: I think the young man in question in your editorial on writing careers has become a victim of a disease that seems to attack many recent college graduates. Most of them expect to step directly from the classroom into well-paid, highly-trained jobs.

Does the graduate expect some city editor to step down from a position that took twenty years to attain to make room for him? Or perhaps he would prefer to have the head editor of a publishing house turn his desk over, with an increase in salary besides.

I graduated from college last June and began looking for work in New York toward the end of October. By mid-November I had landed a job with a publishing house that deals in trade journals. Its name brings no gleam of recognition to anyone's eye when I mention it. *But*, in six months I have received a promotion and am on the verge of my second raise. Trade journals may be an uninspiring field, but they provide a wide range of editorial experience.

I consider myself extremely lucky to have been able to get free-lance reading and proofreading assignments from several book publishers.

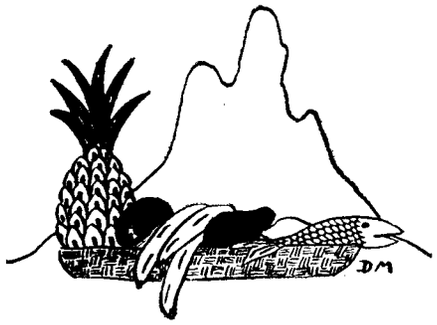
The publishing business is a notoriously low-paid field; I would suggest that the young man decide whether he wants money or whether he is willing to write anonymously and practically gratuitously until he has learned enough to be published in his own right.

Pat Miller.

New York, N. Y.

U.S. Down the River

Sir: I now live in Germany with my husband who is a member of the Occupation Forces. Anyone who feels that Hollywood is not being almost traitorous to our country should come over here for a while and try to convince these people that we are not a nation of rich gangsters and cowboys, completely lacking in any cultural or moral values.



After six months of trying to combat these ideas—to no avail—I am feeling rather helpless. It may not be intelligent of them to take "entertainment" so literally, but they do.

I hope that something will be done to represent our country in a truer light. If most Americans knew how their country is being "sold down the river," it *would* be done.

Elizabeth H. Sykes.

APO, New York, N. Y.

Other-World Informants

Sir: Readers and students of Abraham Lincoln lore have come to the realization that the incidents of his career are undergoing constant changes in the hands of modern historians, biographers, and narrators who pass their stories on with modifications, adaptations, and changes from one generation to the next.

Roy P. Basler, secretary of the Lincoln Association, in his review of Archer H. Shaw's "The Lincoln Encyclopedia" [*SRL* Mar. 2], admonishes Mr. Shaw for his lack of critical judgment for incorporating Colonel Dick Taylor's story of the Civil War greenback. He not only terms this story spurious but, in a startling assertion, states, "Taylor admitted [the greenback story] was relayed to him by a spiritualistic medium after Lincoln's assassination."

Startling, I say, because the story has been retold for many decades by many narrators of Colonel Dick Taylor's colorful career. The question naturally arises: to whom did Colonel Taylor make the admission and why?

Eighty-five years have passed. Ah well, one happily concludes Mr. Basler's informant is none other than Colonel Dick himself—in a letter via a spiritualistic medium from the spirit world.

Amy Kelvyn Hayes.

Chicago, Ill.

Sir: The original letter to Colonel Dick Taylor is extant in the collection of the late Oliver R. Barrett. It is not in Lincoln's handwriting but in that of a medium who purported to have written it under the dictation of Lincoln from the other world. Mr. Barrett attested the source of the letter and kept it in his collection as a curiosity. Also, in the John G. Nicolay papers in the Library of Congress is a letter from Paul Selby to Nicolay, Feb. 19, 1895, relating that Taylor showed him the letter about 1887 and claimed to "have received it through a medium after Lincoln's death." Other letters in the Nicolay papers written by personal friends of Dick Taylor testify to the letter's spuriousness and Nicolay himself labeled it a forgery.

Roy P. Basler.

Springfield, Ill.

Cassandra Speaks Again

Sir: If we go on as we are there will be very soon
Peace on the earth such as reigns up above on the moon.

Frederic C. Smedley.

Waterbury, Conn.

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Publishers' Corner

ARTISTS, BUSINESSMEN & DEFENDANTS

WHAT do publishers, discussing the economics of the book industry, talk about when they get together? Reporting this month's thinking is easy: I had a dozen of them in an argumentative mood at a recent industry luncheon.

Important in the lunch conversation was the talk about a book by Charles F. Bound, "A Banker Looks at Book Publishing" (Bowker). It is all devoted to current problems of the industry, based on a study of sixty publishers and others closely allied to the business. This sort of stuff is important because so many book publishers operate on so narrow a margin in their efforts (quoting Bound) to be a combination of artists with high ideals, publishers of books of real merit, arbiters of American culture—and, withal, attempting to run a business at a gain. Bound's formula to secure the mixture—without lowering the standards of publishing—includes industrywide cooperation in many directions. We lack that today, he pleads, because of the peculiar individualism of publishers. They are often unable to work with each other in the studies to find the most efficient ways used in the industry to distribute books, to lower manufacturing costs, and to cut off a lot of inefficient, chaotic, inadequate, and wasteful methods and customs.

Bound is distressed by the finding that there are no uniform accounting practices in the business. Therefore comes inability to effect reliable comparable studies of the difference between good and bad business methods. He'll be glad to know that a majority of the larger publishers have joined in (1) recognition of the critical importance of better information about their costs, (2) agreeing to look pretty carefully at a uniform accounting system I've drawn as a compromise out of all those used. On top of that a lot of publishers have promised to adopt the uniform practice at once. The result may soon give us the full ventilation of the best practices in a lot of our houses.

And talking of cooperative efforts—stellar role of the lunching top brass concerned a well-developed new effort of the whole book industry to make itself more widely known and maintain its position (vis-à-vis the mass media of communication like radio and television) that without both good and useful books our civilized society cannot endure. Industry steering studies are now concentrating on how to create a greater desire for books on the part of potential consumers; how to find new methods for selling and promoting books through bookstores and otherwise; how (rather than planting general stories in newspapers and periodicals on the value of books and reading) to set up specific projects of wide public interest from which news stories should naturally develop.

The study will give great attention to making people library conscious so that librarians will be helped in obtaining the maximum appropriations. And intensive work is to be carried on a high level with universities to find out why only a small percentage of college graduates continue to read books regularly and why many great universities in communities are without any adequate facilities for dissemination of books rather than texts. Aid may go to reading clinics on the theory that they fit into education at all levels, particularly adult, and the whole subject of rapidity in reading as well as the best use of leisure time lends itself to wide publicity.

"WHY so few libel actions against publishers?" someone asked at lunch. About 10,000 books of one kind or another filter through publishing offices during the year. And yet the newspapers are entirely bare of reports on damages paid for libel actions. Those close to publishers do know of efforts to collect—e.g., a Pennsylvania undertaker got nowhere when he sued Russell Janney for $750,000, arguing that the character of an undertaker in "The Miracle of the Bells" had made him unpopular in his home town. (The suit was dismissed by the New York Supreme Court.) With us at lunch was René Wormser—to me one of the most important libel lawyers in New York (and my experience, of course, is based upon some very tough cases in which he and I have been working for the same involved publisher).

The careful publisher, conscious not only of his pocketbook but also of his public duty, usually has every manuscript read by a libel expert before it is passed for manufacture. Readings often disclose a statement which needs proof before it can be retained, or some phrasing which needs correction because it is obviously dangerous.

But, noted Wormser, there comes the one manuscript which is hurried through manufacture without having gone through a libel reading, or the libel-reader who misses a bad one, or the one case in which the proof of truth which the author submits looks conclusive but turns out not to have been. Then, smack, comes a letter demanding satisfaction written by the irate injured person. Or it is by a lawyer who is either pressingly indignant or just pressing. In some instances there is trouble then between author and publisher. The publisher may want to settle but the author's contract may make him liable for libel claims so that he is more likely to want to fight. The situation gets more uncomfortable when the author is judgment-proof and cannot even afford to hire counsel, so that the expense and liability are in fact on the publisher's shoulders. Wormser's experience was that the poor plaintiff in a libel suit usually has a very bad time. He brings the action because of the injury done to his reputation by the publication of an alleged falsehood. But the action itself brings the material complained of into even sharper public view for the defendant is entitled to prove truth as a defense. Moreover, the damages are measured by the injury to the plaintiff's reputation. Therefore, the defendant can introduce evidence (generally reported with enthusiasm by the public press) of almost anything which might tend to mitigate damages by decimating the reputation and character of the plaintiff. The defendant's attorney is almost always assisted by hired investigators who dig up all the misfortune in the plaintiff's past and it is surprising how many skeletons there are in how many closets and how easily they are opened. So satisfaction for libel is hard to get.

* * *

In May trade-book sales were 112 per cent of those in the preceding year. The sales for the first five months were 103 per cent of the 1949 total. Our index covers the sales to all sorts of distributors. —J. K. LASSER.

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Americana. *Has the hold upon the city dweller's imagination which our West first claimed a century ago diminished through the years? You have only to look at the costumes your own children are wearing, glance at the most popular images flashing across your television screen, examine the reading matter featured on newsstands as farflung as Madrid and Memphis, to see that the grip of the West's romance is, if anything, tighter today than ever. It is significant that although the research and writing of historians may not confirm the widely circulated clichés about the West, they do underscore its fascinating qualities. Consider, for example, three books reviewed below: Wendell J. Ashton's "Voice in the West," Edmond M. Gagey's lively account of "The San Francisco Stage," and farmer George S. Reeve's autobiography, "A Man from South Dakota."*

—*From the book.*

Deseret News That Is Fit to Print

VOICE IN THE WEST. By Wendell J. Ashton. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 424 pp. $5.

By DALE L. MORGAN

THIS book is a "centennial biography" of the Salt Lake City *Deseret News*, which as one of the first twenty newspapers established north of Texas and west of the Missouri River got out its first issue June 15, 1850. Save for the Sante Fe *New Mexican*, which celebrated its hundredth anniversary two years ago, it has outlived all its contemporaries. In a country of notably high press mortality the feat of achieving a centennial issue is enough, surely, to justify a history.

The *News* has come safe and sound through its century principally because it has been the organ of the Mormon Church. In its first precarious years the Church was alert to see that unhealthy competition did not choke its growth and the Church has steadily beaten the bushes for subscribers to maintain it. Even this powerful aid would have been insufficient had the Church not been able also to lick the paper problem, and perhaps the most appealing chapters of Mr. Ashton's book are those which describe the struggles of a pioneer paper industry.

Rarely over its long history has the *Deseret News* been an exciting paper, but it has contrived to represent the interests of the Mormon people and of Utah in a sober fashion which on the whole has done it honor.

It remains Utah's most influential paper, in the sense that public personalities and institutions fear it more than its contemporaries—not as a newspaper so much as an expression of Church attitudes which may influence local elections and legislative appropriations. On the other hand, it is so ultra-conservative, dominated by the prejudices which have their finest flowering in J. Reuben Clark, that it is regarded with a certain suspicion and dislike even by many members of the Church, to say nothing of other elements of the community. In part as a result of historical circumstance, in part because it represents so narrow a pressure interest, the *News* long has lagged behind its morning contemporary both in news coverage and in circulation, and as the *Tribune* can be more things to more people, there is no early prospect that the *News* will gain the preeminence it so much covets.

Neither by first nor last intention is this a critical history. Mr. Ashton was hired to serve up the pièce-de-résistance for a birthday party and there is no use pining after gamier fare than is produced for the occasion. If the inner history of the *News* is ever written, its struggle to be a newspaper in the great tradition with the managing authority in the hands of men whose real interest is religion rather than newspapering, obviously it will have to be done outside the *News* organization. Such a history will be much more entertaining than anything that is to be found in the present book and a wonderfully amusing chapter will deal with the crotchets of the paper, how its busybody concern with the morals of the community sits upon editorial policy and practice, even the most innocuous of comic strips not secure from the censorious chisel of the stereotyper. But we may have to wait a long while for another cook than Mr. Ashton, and if it is mutton rather than venison that he serves up, after all, a good joint of mutton has its uses.

The early chapters are much the best, a useful contribution to the history of American printing and publishing, since Mr. Ashton was given access to the archives of the Church and to important diaries still in private hands which have been withheld from students. This part of the book also exhibits a greater objectivity than is characteristic of the chronicle of the last half-century and Mr. Ashton points out some of the more obvious failings as well as the special virtues of the *News* as a true newspaper during its pioneer period. Unwilling to trample on any tender corns, Mr. Ashton is not so successful in dealing with the paper and its personalities since the turn of the century, its vicissitudes as a metropolitan daily, and its renaissance since throwing overboard an old Church prejudice to begin publication of a Sunday edition.

The style in which the whole is told demonstrates once more what a mingled curse and blessing *Time* has been to the prose of our generation. Well illustrated and documented, the book is marred by an index more lengthy than adequate.

Correction

Through a regrettable typographical error, the title of "Troy and the Maypole," by Winston Clewes (Alfred Knopf, $3), was incorrectly printed above the review appearing in the July 1 issue. Mr. Clewes's novel is a quietly done study of three young men and a girl growing up in a small English seaport between the wars.

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Our Lustiest, Most Spectacular Theatre

THE SAN FRANCISCO STAGE: A History Based on Annals Compiled by the Research Department of the San Francisco Federal Theatre. By Edmond M. Gagey. New York: Columbia University Press. 264 *pp.* $3.50.

By Saul Colin

IN 1847 California was surrendered to Frémont, a year later the territory was annexed by the United States and in '49 the Gold Rush "put it on the map." Yerba Buena, a tiny pueblo with less than 200 inhabitants, was renamed San Francisco and became focal point for the argonauts. By 1852 the phoenix city (rising from the ashes of six great fires) had mushroomed into a boom town of 50,000. The unrestrained migrants, predominately masculine, lonely and with nothing on their hands but money, demanded drink, gambling, and—amusement. "From this demand," writes Dr. Gagey, "arose a lively and fascinating stage."

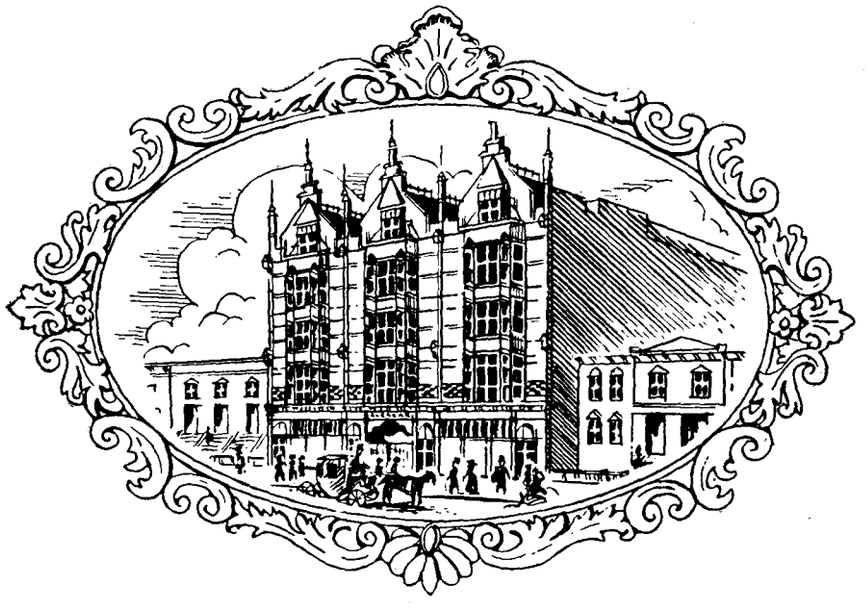
"Lively and fascinating" is an understatement. ". . . the lustiest, most spectacular, and most vital local theatre America has ever produced" —the jacket blurb, of course—is more like it. For side by side were Gilbert and Sullivan, burlesque, Shakespeare, and ten-twenty-thirty melodrama. Velocipede fads and roller-skating crazes. Women wrestlers and the fight over Sunday Blue Laws. The (in)famous French cancan and hootchy-kootchy dancers, the Girl in Blue and Little Egypt. Everything from individualistic playbills that attacked the shows they represented to today's remarkable "little theatre" renaissance.

It's an epoch as lively as Joseph Andrew Rowe's mixed circus and drama extravaganzas, as exciting as the Barbary Coast, the Chutes, and the Midway Plaisance and as American as Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and Artemus Ward, all of whom settled there. How very right is the author when he says: "San Franciscans of the *fin de siècle* might complain about the climate, about crooked politics, about recurrent panics; they could not justly complain about lack or variety of entertainment."

His story is of many things but mostly of people. Of enterprising "Doc" Robinson, the walls of whose theatre at its opening performance sank two inches under the audience's weight. Of persuasive John Potter, a glib talker who habitually paid no one. Of tragedian James Stark, who accidentally wounded himself in the death scene of "Othello." And of free-drinking Edwin Booth, whose servant could foretell trouble when the great actor began to speak in Latin.

Of such interesting women, too. Much-married Adah Isaacs Menken riding bareback in flesh-colored tights on a fiery steed. Popular Mariette Judah, shipwrecked in the Caribbean, clinging to wreckage for five days, only to see her husband perish and four children drown. Mysterious Lola Montez arousing a storm of moral protest with her notorious Spider Dance. And the perpetual gamin, Lotta Crabtree—called "the dramatic cocktail" because no two of her performances were ever quite alike.

Dr. Gagey has chosen wisely to concentrate on such vivid personalities up to the turn of the century as the above, but theatrical developments, San Francisco's growth and the last fifty years are not slighted. A jim-dandy of a book, it is good theatre, good history, good Americana, and great fun.



From "The San Francisco Theatre."

Alcazar Theatre.

Johnny Reb's Songs

CONFEDERATE MUSIC. By Richard B. Harwell. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 184 *pp.* $3.50.

By Ethelind M. Butterfield

"GOOD martial, national music is one of the great advantages we have over the rebels," wrote the *New York Herald* in 1862. "They have only bands of guerillas and bridge burners, and are as destitute of musical notes as they are rich in shinplasters. . . . Having thus no music in their souls, they are, as Shakespeare says, only fit for treason, rebellion, stratagems, masked batteries, spoils, and knaveries . . . "

How wrong the Yankee *Herald* was, quantitatively at least, Mr. Harwell proves conclusively in this study of the activities and product of Confederate music publishers. During four years of civil war they issued no less than 648 pieces of music, often under circumstances of great difficulty and even risk. Hermann L. Schreiner, who became one of Georgia's leading music publishers, had to journey to Cincinnati and masquerade as an Ohioan to buy enough music type to start his business. On his return trip he was taken prisoner by Bragg's army but evidently General Bragg agreed with the *Herald* that "music is the soul of Mars" for although Schreiner's pistol was confiscated he was allowed to proceed southward with his leather satchel full of music type.

That the *Herald* may have been correct as to the quality of the rebel music, Mr. Harwell appears willing to concede. "A survey of the Confederate music publications does not reveal a high degree of musical art among the Southerners of the period," he writes. And so the Southerners, seeking a national rallying song, took a Northern minstrel tune and made it their own. A Confederate propagandist looked on this development with mixed feelings:

It is marvelous with what wildfire rapidity this tune of "Dixie" has spread over the whole South.

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Considered as an intolerable nuisance when first the streets reechoed it from the repertoire of wandering minstrels, it now bids fair to become the musical symbol of a new nationality and we shall be fortunate if it does not impose its very name on our country.

The most effective of the Confederate patriotic songs were those which appealed to the chivalric and protective emotions, as did James Ryder Randall's stirring call to arms, "Maryland, My Maryland." Less successful were the Southern attempts to produce a national hymn calling on God to justify their cause and a verse from George H. Miles's "God Save the South" shows why:

War to the hilt!
Theirs be the guilt
Who fetter the free man
To ransom the slave.

The constant Southern references to freedom and liberty in such songs do not ring quite true. By the very nature of its cause the Confederacy could not produce a Julia Ward Howe.

In view of the remarkable industry of the Southern publishers it is surprising to note that a list of the thirteen most popular songs among Confederate soldiers (aside from the patriotic songs) includes not a single song of Confederate origin! But, as Mr. Harwell points out, "the tastes of both Yankee and Confederate had developed from the same stream of American music" and if the Johnny Rebs appropriated "All Quiet Along the Potomac Tonight," "Lorena," and "Just Before the Battle, Mother," so also did "Maryland, My Maryland" pass "into the national heritage of Southerner and Northerner alike."

Students of that heritage will find Mr. Harwell's definitive study of the Confederate music publishers and his painstaking checklist of Confederate sheet music both impressive and valuable.

A Ranch West of the 100th Meridian

A MAN FROM SOUTH DAKOTA. By George S. Reeves. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 257 pp. $3.

By Russell Lord

HAVING surveyed and reflected upon the condition and mood of all our land and its people in the early 1940's, Paul Engle, an Iowa poet then young, exclaimed: "I hate you so because I love you so!" I do not have the precise reference at hand here in the country but I have thought of that line from this poem thousands of times in the years since. It comes to my mind not only when considering the intimacies of friendship and matings but when certain scientists and public men protest that they hate publicity, and the paradox applies, again, to arrogant, impatient, wasteful farming, ruinous to land and man.

"They hate their land," said Karl Menninger, recently analyzing many such farmers in *The Land*, a quarterly magazine. Speaking as a psychiatrist, he concluded, "It is an illness."

If this be true then George S. Reeves is one of the liveliest, toughest, and most engaging of all ill farmers alive and articulate. Intensely alive and sharply articulate, he dedicates his autobiography to his ranch and locality in the hard, dry, short-grass country west of the hundredth meridian in South Dakota, to "this lovable and hateful soil into which the hopes of many men have vanished, and upon which their hope survives."

Partly trained in medicine amid the milder airs and influences of more humid Michigan and determined to be above all else a writer (an end at last triumphantly attained), George Reeves was drawn by a combination of family circumstances and love of a fight back home to farm. And what a fight he has made of it! Many books that have come out of our two world wars make forthright human slaughter in arctic wastes and tropical jungles seem relatively idyllic as compared with his lonely battle against drought and flood, disease and pestilence, banks and machinery, markets and government.

George Reeves tackles everything the hard way and likes it that way. "I wouldn't want to farm anywhere else," "Uncle" Dave Saur, a much milder pioneer of Hayti, S. D., once told me. "It just wouldn't interest me." He liked to gamble.

So you need not expect the Associated Chambers of Commerce of South Dakota to denounce or burn in the streets of Brookings this native's strident warning for sissies to go settle and do their farming somewhere else. Plains farmers in general prefer to gamble spaciously and suffer spaciously. They kill the grass and stir the dust and foul and diminish their water sources and like it that way.

What I have said about this book thus far is in line with the thoughts and markings aroused by the first half of it. At this point I marked in the margin: "A tough baby! He's earned all of the grief he raised." A little later I made further markings: "But you can't help liking him; he hardly ever whines." And toward the end, following his superb description of mechanized lambing time during the greatest spring blizzards in the history of the Dakotas: "The only paying growth appears to be in his powers of expression, but man, can he write!"

His book, the fruit of sharp experience and bitter courage, richly merits the Avery Hopward Award for 1949. As a work on agriculture its principal use, to me at least, is to prove that the hard way in farming is the wrong way.

But you can grow a great deal while you're trying. George Reeves's two closing chapters recording the death of two like warriors, valiant in defeat, are as mature and moving as anything I have read for many, many years.

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Seeing Things

"MY GOODNESS! MY GUINNESS!"

REGARDLESS of how lucrative crime may or may not be in life, crime cannot — must not — be profitable in a motion picture. Virtue must triumph, however tardily, on the screen. Punishment must overtake the transgressor if only by a last-minute spurt at the moment of the final fade-out. In filmland this is the law of the jungle "as old and as true as the sky." Now this is the edict from Johnston and this was the rule of Hays, made to sustain public morals and prove that crime never pays.

That it is a good law and a necessary one, far be it from me to deny. But, like nearly everything else on this planet, it enjoys no immunity from irreverence. Having it spoofed, derided, turned topsy-turvy, indeed *almost* defied can be fun, as "Kind Hearts and Coronets"* makes abundantly clear. Only the most humorless of sobersides, the least regenerate of Puritans, or those allergic to irony could object to the tone, the manner, and the substance of this new English film. It is a satire, light-hearted and light-headed, which takes hilarious advantage of the privilege of mockery. Call it amoral, if you will, though to raise the question of morals at all in its presence is to be at once stupid and stuffy and to miss its point.

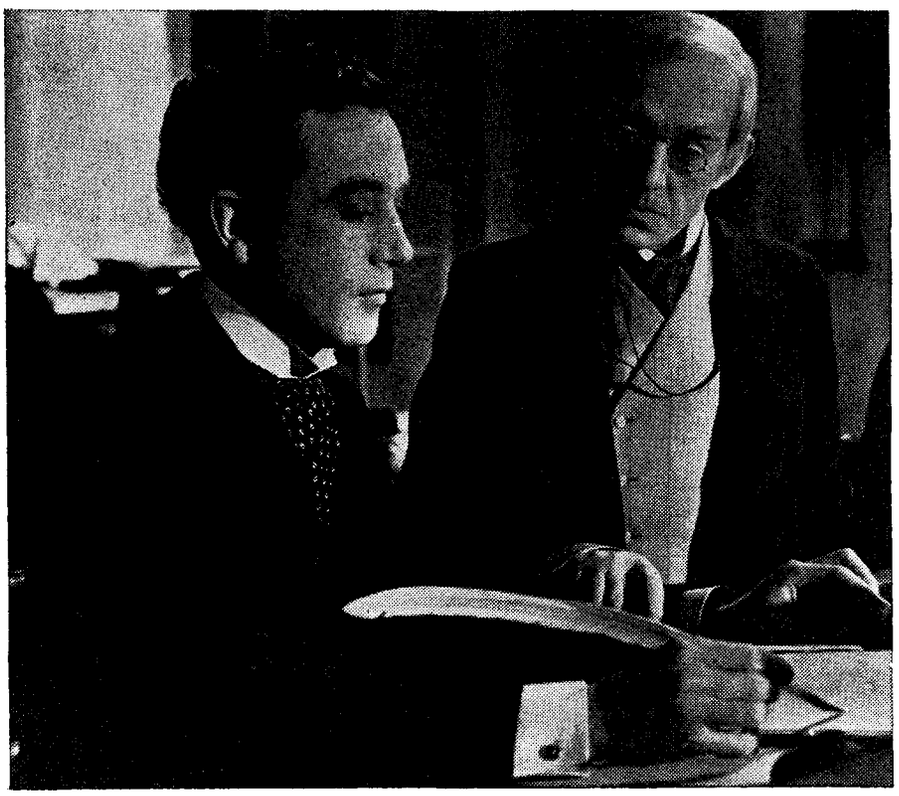
Murder is the source of its laughter, murder on a somewhat mass scale, and with murder it toys in its sophisticated fashion as gaily as over the centuries drawing-room comedies have toyed with adultery. Certainly "Kind Hearts and Coronets" neither defends nor glorifies the mass murderer who is its central figure. (I shudder to say its "hero.") Don't worry, however. In the end he, too, is caught up with. He, too, we are led to assume, will pay the final price. The censors can therefore rest, the do-gooders go on vacation. Even Mr. Johnston has no cause for alarm. His law remains unviolated. It is merely suspended in the interest of merriment so clearly nonsensical that it must be described as innocent.

The debonair Edwardian whose death-summoning activities supply "Kind Hearts and Coronets" with its plot has quite a knack for erasure. Compared to him, the Count of Monte Cristo was a sissy. The Count claimed the world as his after he had done in a mere "One," "Two," "Three" people. This young blade (blue-blooded at least on his mother's side) faces a more wholesale assignment. Not only the Duke of Chalfont but seven other lively members of the aristocratic d'Ascoyne tribe separate him from the dukedom to which he aspires. His ambition, in other words, forces upon him a life as active as it is ingenious.

IN ORDER to achieve his coronet he cannot permit himself the indulgence of a kind heart. He must spend his time plotting a long succession of perfect crimes. These he plans with commendable variety, never repeating himself, and, though causing quite a lot of suffering, never suffering from remorse, apprehension, or anything so plebeian as uncertainty. Such is his aplomb that De Quincey, who rated murder as a fine art, would have had to salute this imperturbable fellow as a fine artist. His father may have been a commoner, hence his mother may have been disinherited, but there is nothing common about his approach to either life or death.

He is an odd character, this disowned d'Ascoyne. Obsequious as he is when need be, he is haughty of spirit and unimpeded by sentiment. Although his sense of race is strong, his family feeling is nonexistent. He thinks no more of dispatching a relative than he does of tossing off an epigram. As brilliantly played by Dennis Price, with just the proper inhumanity and lordliness, he is an uproarious creation. His talents and preoccupations belie his demeanor and appearance. He is the kind of dandy who, if he had not believed himself compelled to reach the peerage in unorthodox ways, might have wandered into any of Oscar Wilde's comedies. Or at Oxford have become the swain of Zuleika Dobson. Or even have been the crony, if not the cousin, of that happy hypocrite Lord George Hell. Had the law not overtaken him, and had he lived to have an heir by the widow he created, Evelyn Waugh or Nancy Mitford would most certainly have depended upon this son for a character. For he is no killer at large, in the ordinary sense, this murdering d'Ascoyne. Both he and his victims are jests, urbane and delectable, at the expense of everything snobbish, stratified, feudal, and courtly in British society.

It is with these victims that Alec Guinness steps into the picture—in fact, takes it over—since it is he who



Dennis Price and Alec Guinness—"Mr. Johnston's law is merely suspended."

KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS, screen play by Robert Hamer and John Dighton. Directed by Mr. Hamer. A Michael Balcon production. Presented by J. Arthur Rank. Released by Eagle-Lion. With a cast composed mainly of Alec Guinness, but also including Dennis Price, Valerie Hobson, Joan Greenwood, Audrey Fildes, Miles Malleson, Clive Morton, Anne Valery, etc. At the Trans-Lux Sixtieth Street Theatre, New York City.

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plays all of the doomed d'Ascoynes, male or female, lay or clerical, military or naval. Shakespeare's not unrepeated contention was that one man in his time plays many parts. In a conservative moment Shakespeare limited these to seven. As a direct descendant of Proteus, Mr. Guinness thinks nothing of raising the ante. He takes on the eight obstructing d'Ascoynes ill-fated enough not to have died natural deaths. What is more, he plays each and every one to a d'Ascoyne's taste.

Mr. Guinness is, of course, the actor whose glittering performance of the psychoanalyst in "The Cocktail Party" was one of last season's high points. Whatever one may have thought of Mr. Eliot's play, there can have been no reservations or doubts about Mr. Guinness's contribution to it. He communicated the tensions of the text, made it seem witty when it was only mildly funny, and clear when it was triumphantly obscure. Indeed, Mr. Guinness acted the psychoanalyst with such an air of understanding what he was up to that thousands of theatregoers were themselves persuaded not only that they understood what Mr. Eliot was saying but that Mr. Eliot did, too.

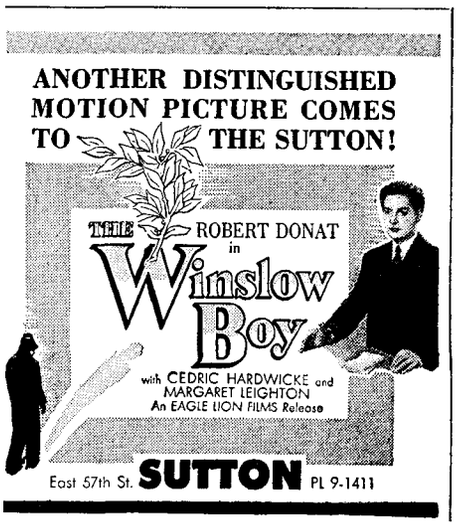
I DOUBT if many Americans, much as they admired Mr. Guinness in "The Cocktail Party," were prepared for the versatility he shows in "Kind Hearts and Coronets." A few of us, lucky enough to have seen his Fagin at very private showings of the unfortunately suppressed "Oliver Twist" film, had had some hints of his astonishing range as an actor. His performances in the play and the movie were as utterly different in mind, aspect, speech, gesture, and spirit as were the two men he was playing. Even so, we were surprised by Mr. Guinness's octette of d'Ascoynes.

The line Alexander Woollcott quoted years ago when dumfounded by the diversity of people Ruth Draper could catch to the life in her monologues; the line to which all of us have been driven in our attempts to describe, say, a talent as multiple as Noel Coward's, is one that old Thomas Carlyle grudgingly wrote in a letter home. After having just attended a reading by Charles Dickens, Carlyle had to confess he was "a whole tragic, comic, heroic *theatre* visibly performing under one hat." Needless to say, Mr. Guinness, as the eight exiting d'Ascoynes, does not confine himself to one hat, never attempts to be heroic, and is not on speaking terms with the tragic. Nonetheless, he is a whole theatre in himself. More than being a single character, he is a sizable ensemble; in fact, almost an Equity quorum.

DUE to the trickeries of the camera, the motion pictures have long since accustomed us to seeing a single actor appear simultaneously in two or even three parts. But to my knowledge no player has ever appeared in one shot in as many disguises as Mr. Guinness does in a sequence of "Kind Hearts and Coronets." He is all over the screen; the only performer in sight, though he happens to be giving seven performances. He is preaching at the funeral of still another d'Ascoyne he has impersonated, and being preached at as the six remaining d'Ascoynes who have no way of knowing that their days are numbered.

Thirsty Londoners, who love their stout, are used to countless billboards plastered with advertisements proclaiming "My Goodness! My Guinness!" My suspicion is, however, that even Londoners must have been hard put to recognize their Guinness in his various make-ups in "Kind Hearts and Coronets." In characterizing certain of his d'Ascoynes, such as the stubborn Admiral, the club-bore of a General, or Lady Agatha, the suffragette, Mr. Guinness may, as is only fair, rely on his wig-maker, his costumer, an easy differentiation in voice, or the brevity of the sequences in which he appears. But as the camera-crazy Henry, the bird-shooting duke, and, most particularly, as the wine-tippling cleric, he goes far beyond quick impressions or superficial details to create individualized characters rather than types. One thing is certain. Whatever Mr. Guinness does in "Kind Hearts and Coronets" he does well, incredibly well. He is an all-star cast in his own person.

He enters completely into the spirit of the film's nonsense. He captures its superciliousness and projects its drollness. In doing this he is aided not only by Mr. Price but by Valerie Hobson and Joan Greenwood. He is also aided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THE MATURE MIND
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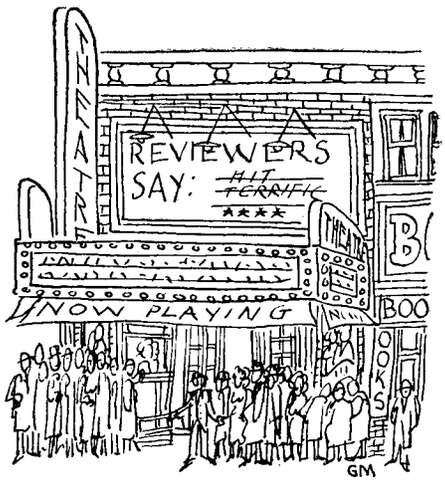
by the uncompromising sophistication of Robert Hamer's and John Dighton's dialogue and the elegant fooling of Mr. Hamer's direction.

At moments the spoofing of both the text and the direction would gain by being more unmistakably established so as to include moviegoers unaccustomed to the subtleties of such satire. Occasionally, too, as the picture speeds on its way making its points without ever deigning to point them out, it loses the shining certainty of its better scenes. But the pleasures it offers are many and unusual. A sure indication of their merit is that detail after detail remains in the mind and is even more satisfying when savored in recollection than when smiled or laughed at while inside the theatre.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.



FICTION

(*Continued from page* 15)

which fluctuate in a narrow range, never quite reaching the security of the established middle class, nor quite sinking to the desperate level of real poverty.

Through the use of a pleasantly muted prose style Mr. Breslin achieves a nostalgic quality that is momentarily persuasive. Unfortunately, the effect does not last. The lovingly presented characters never become more than "characters," stereotypes of the traditional virtues. They are gentle and kind, wisely understanding, tolerant, and quietly noble. They remain so, their lives substantially untouched by the historical currents which move outside the sheltering circle of the family. True, the author provides a backdrop of historical references—the stock-market crash, the Depression, Roosevelt, the oncoming World War II. But these are mere gestures, conscientious but unsuccessful attempts to persuade the reader that these dear hearts and gentle people actually existed outside the never-never land of wishful thinking.

THE HEPBURN, by Jan Wescott. Crown. $3. The making of "historical" romances continues. This latest entry is perhaps a shade more literate and less strident than most of its forerunners but the components remain unchanged. There is the battle for a throne, with the lovely Lady Jane Gordon, arrogant and self-willed, pitted against the brave but rude Patrick Hepburn, never defeated in the field by any man, nor in bed by any woman. The scenes of battle and of court intrigue are interspersed at the required intervals with lush descriptions of amorous dalliance. And the set pieces are conscientiously introduced: the escape from the dungeon, the duel between the opposing leaders on a field beside a dark forest, the ride with the message through the night, the banquet scene with its catalogue of the foods provided, and the final recognition by the hero and heroine that their apparent hatred of each other had been love all along. All is here, and with it an impression that even the author had become a little tired of it.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

THE GLASS BARRACKS, by Clarissa Fairchild Cushman. Little, Brown. $2.75. People who live in glass houses should, as the saying goes, not only pull their shades but pad their partitions. Otherwise the goblins of the grapevine will get them. Take a university veteran-housing project, for example. The GI's with their wives and babies dig in here to finish their education but there's not much time for study. Ears are glued to slender walls; prying eyes turn suspicion into open scandal. The battle-fatigued hulk of a football coach takes pleasure in pursuing the more attractive housewives, hurling children into nearby gorges, and generally inviting gluttonous gossip. Just in the nick of time he's done in by a beautiful ex-resistance fighter, handy with a pistol. Good thing, too, as it turns out the man was mad.

Altogether messy, muddled, and unbelievable.

SORROW BY DAY, by Marjorie Coryn. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3. History once more beckons to miss Coryn and once more she is pleased to respond. With insistent effort, detailed care, and resounding research, she reveals some of the shadier spots in the Sun King's court. One could wish for a certain rationing of heel twirlings, back archings, and arrogantly upraised Bourbon chins, but for all its embellishments the story makes for juicy reading. Louis' mistresses sweep along mirrored corridors, fleeting, favored, and ephemeral. Intrigue uproots aspects of permanence. Treachery, for purposes of plot, will out. Black masks, pagan rites, potions of passion or poison abet the schemes of shimmering souls. For a heady moment an uncouth Gascon petty nobleman calls the turn. Little, grimy, unwashed, impudent Monsieur de Lauzan proves so desirable to the Grande Mademoiselle, forty-year-old spinster cousin of the King, that she is determined to marry him. At the instigation of the reigning favorite he is imprisoned on the eve of the wedding. Ten years later this withering amazon gets her little man only to recognize, from her innate aristocratic mightiness, his dreadful vulgarity. For this she waited. For this she turned down kings, kingdoms, and unfathomed fortune. Anyone, alas, can be fooled.

The pathetic persistence of this lovelorn lady contrasted with rascality rampant in royal enclosures creates an acceptable mixture of tears and tinsel.

THE FURIOUS WINTER, by Louise Roedocker. Crown. $3. What the tiny town of Pine Center, Minnesota, can do to its inhabitants is far, far from pretty. Even the toughest pioneer stock is unable to repel the onslaught of evil. The Thorson clan represents the community. One of their menfolk skips town rather than take the rap for rape. Another turns happily to drink and outlying debauchery. Still another resigns his old and broken body to await death while a young and sensitive ex-GI takes his own life rather than face the forces in league against him. The distaff side is hardly more blessed. One girl is mad to the strait-jacket point, a psalm-singing wife seeks redemption through physical revelry, and a third seeks so to withdraw herself from the world that she appears utterly lifeless.

A certain force almost manages to conceal the unrealized motive, the ugly silhouettes, and the absolute falseness of the premise. Fresh pastures indicated.

A MORNING IN TRINIDAD, by Edgar Mittelholzer. Doubleday. $2.75. Cupid darts his arrows in and around the filing cabinets of an office in

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Trinidad. Outpost of empire sensitivity, exiled manner and petty snobbery vie for desk space with layers of class-conscious natives. Blends of Chinese, East Indian, and African fight for first place in their own and the white man's sun. It takes Mr. Mittelholzer to point the shades of distinction. One underprivileged black boy, minion to others of his own race, leaves a love poem with the morning mail for a dusky widow. By the day's end his identity has scornfully been established. He defiantly claims the effort, gathers together his books, and departs in stifled rage and sorrow. Other emotions have been transferred; Freudian dreams have been dreamt; secrets, of sex and state, revealed.

Eight hours would hardly seem enough for such sultry surmise but, as it happens, it is.

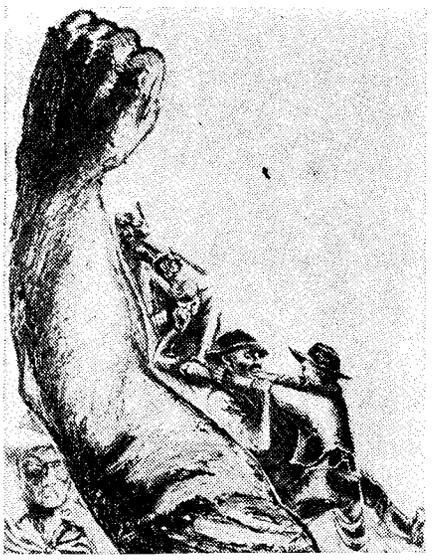
THE GREEN BOUGH, by Ann Ritner. Lippincott. $2.75. Life as it is lived in Clifton, Pa., in the year 1911. The town is small. Prying eyes are seldom closed, nor is there often surcease from gossip, conjecture, and uncharitable condemnation. It all comes naturally to the contented dwellers on these streets. Take the Goodall family as a typical unit. Father is a widower, susceptible and succumbing. Lizzie is trapped by spinsterhood at twenty-three, though she finally staggers to the altar. Then there's Ella May, who loves well; there's brother Bert with his snappy tunes, and there are the small fry for colorful confusion. Sickness, financial problems, misunderstood emotional entanglements, and the recognition of progress possible in the outside world make up the agenda of activity.

—Catherine Meredith Brown.

THE BIG FIST, by Clyde B. Ragsdale. Putnam's. $2.75. Hosy Wittle was a big man with big dreams but his lack of compassion and short-sightedness, his greed and arrogance turned him into a dwarfed and broken creature. When the spark of defiance had gone out of his scarred old face all that remained was a prayer for redemption to a God he'd never believed in. Fighting for a choice location on Easy Street, the egoistic Hosy used the battering power of his big fists against whatever he feared or could not understand.

Were it not for her religious precepts, Anna, his wife, would have left him but until her death she remained shackled to this man, whose distorted mind could find comfort only in her fidelity. Hosy's favorite game was stud poker and when Anna questioned him about those sudden acquisitions of wealth and property he'd reply with a grin, "I always seemed to have one more ace than he did." Gambler and bootlegger in the boom days of the Texas oil fields, Hosy outwitted the law and increased a fortune that was soon to be wiped out in the crash of '29. And young Sid grew into manhood, torn between his mother's morality and his father's ambition to have a son whose fists would be as big and ruthless as his own. Anna and Sid are drawn ever deeper into the quagmire of Hosy's tragedy, their souls exposed to the cruel claws of frustration and defeat.

"The Big Fist" is an exciting and earthy story and its author pulls no punches in telling it. You may not like Hosy Wittle but you'll watch every smashing blow of those big fists whether you want to or not.



—From "The Big Fist."

—Joseph W. Grant.

CLOUD OF ARROWS, by Mary Frances Doner. Doubleday. $2.75. Here is a novel written by a woman, about women, for women. Perhaps, taking into consideration the fact that most readers today are reputed to be women, this is as it should be. Not that there aren't men in this novel. There are—quite a number, in fact,—but they are men as conceived in a woman's mind. This effect of excessive femininity is produced mainly by the chattering style and by the exclusive presentation of the woman's mind and point of view. The women characters are presented in the round whereas the reader is allowed to judge the men mostly by implication. Thus, when Beth falls for Henri, who is in the beet-sugar industry, and he abruptly abandons her for a dubious female, we are not given the opportunity to see how Henri's mind has worked to arrive at this situation; we have only the record of the shock Beth received. Henri, to be sure, was a cad from the start; from the moment he gets mixed up with the racketeer Mal Bulwyn the reader is fully aware that Henri would come a cropper, and, for that matter, Beth. On the other hand, Bill Wayne, the New York pulp publisher, who has been carrying on with other ladies but who really was all the while in love with Beth, is not a very convincing character, despite the label of hero pinned on him.

MY KIND! MY COUNTRY!, by Aldrich Blake. Dorrance. $3. This is frankly a propagandist novel on interracial tolerance. The author needn't have warned us that the characters are fictitious. It is definitely a "made" story. Nonetheless, it has some value in lucidly setting forth a problem agitating this country. Husband Jim and wife Martha, residents of a select section of Oakwood, hold different ideas about Jews and Negroes and "foreigners" generally. Jim is a progressive liberal and is all for giving these people the green light in the matter of social freedoms. Martha, while not particularly prejudiced, doesn't like the idea at all.

Jim is preparing to write a great book advocating freedom for all and sundry. He plans to call it "Assignment Utopia." Not to be outdone, Martha decides to retaliate by writing a book to be called "My Kind! My Country!" It is a good-natured contest until the chickens come home to roost. Son David is engaged to an orthodox Jewish girl; son Harry expects to marry a Japanese; daughter Ellen is madly in love with a Negro, a fine fellow, to be sure, who makes Mother Martha wish he were white. All this is a bit thick even for the ultra-tolerant Father Jim, who scraps his book and lets Mother Martha pub-

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LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "The Greene Murder Case": S. S. Van Dine. 2. "The Circular Staircase": Mary Roberts Rinehart. 3. "The House of the Arrow": A. E. W. Mason. 4. "Hasty Wedding": M. G. Eberhart. 5. "Before the Fact": Francis Iles. 6. "The Philadelphia Story": Leslie Ford. 7. "The Case of the Howling Dog": Erle Stanley Gardner. 8. "Surfeit of Lampreys": Ngaio Marsh. 9. "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd": Agatha Christie. 10. "The Crying Sisters": Mabel Seeley. 11. "Edwin Drood": Charles Dickens. 12. "Dracula": Bram Stoker. 13. "No Orchids for Miss Blandish": James Hadley Chase. 14. "The Wheel Spins": Phoebe Atwood Taylor. 15. "The Nine Tailors": Dorothy Sayers. 16. "The Golden Falcon": Dashiell Hammett. 17. "The Lady in the Lake": Raymond Chandler. 18. "Trent's Last Case": E. C. Bentley. 19. "Greenmantle": John Buchan. 20. "The Four Just Men": Edgar Wallace.

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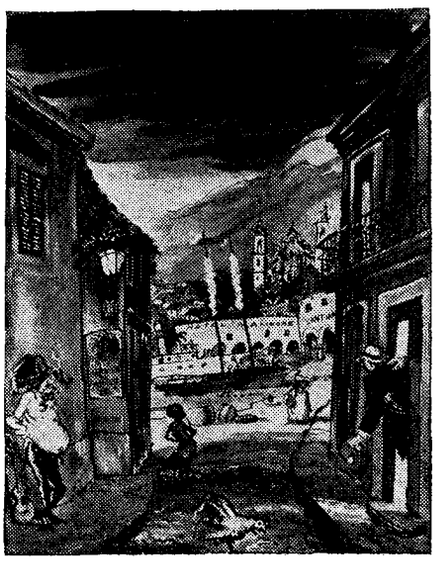
lish hers. Womanlike, she has the last word and doubtless, judging from the title, this is her book, even though Aldrich Blake has signed his name to it.

It is the author's conclusion that all people should have equality, but that they are happier in their own restricted circles. Essay matter is interspersed among the fiction.

—JOHN COURNOS.

ADIOS, O'SHAUGHNESSY, by Robert Tallman. Doubleday. $3. One asset this tale has—*the* one, I think—is the sly, casual, disinterested, sometimes mordant writing that has gone into it. There are many radio programs of this sort, M.C.'d by a man whose tone, inflection, and choice of words, all wickedly corrosive, make it clear just what drivel he thinks his material really is, making of it a private joke between himself and hearers. That is all very amusing on the radio since we can feel for the man, who has generally not chosen his material but rather has had it thrust upon him, or under him, and must ride. It makes a diverting interlude. This book is diverting, too, in a similar fashion, except that nobody forced this upon Mr. Tallman. He picked this footless tale about incredible people in incomprehensible situations and then thumbed his nose at it, winking at us all the while. After a time our sympathy runs thin. Why go on with it, man? The tale itself involves its quaint assortment of figments—a brave and vacuous American, a femme fatale as beautiful as she is simple as she is uninhibited, a four-year-old black boy who runs naked into mischief, and so forth in geometric progression—in a tangle that would need more space for summarizing than it ought to have. Nothing here, really, except a lot of pungent side remarks by a clever writer. —NATHAN L. ROTHMAN.



—From jacket of "Adios, O'Shaughnessy."

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
THE ONE-MOVEMENT PIANO CONCERTO—ROMANTIC		
SCHUMANN, KONZERTSTUECK FOR PIANO AND ORCH. OP. 92. Edvard Erdman; Munich B'casting Symph., Goerlich. CHOPIN, RONDO FOR PIANO AND ORCH. OP. 14 ("KRAKOWIAK"). R. Schmid; Munich B'casting Symph., Dressel. Polydor Vox LP: PL 1700 (10")	The recording, undoubtedly done on tape, is a model of good engineering all along the line (processing by Columbia) and of good taste in the acoustics and balance. Wide range, distortion-free, without the super-duper "stunt" effects of ffrr and the like, but there is an unassuming naturalness of sound here that makes these about as satisfactory LP's as I've heard. Piano is excellent (and Columbia'd better take a long listen to it!).	Vox and the Munich radio musicians combine notably in these *echt*-Romantic short works. Perhaps not as polished playing as *chez* the big orchs.—but the spirit is musical, lively, sincere, and understanding; the pianists are excellent. The Schumann is one of controversial, seldom-heard late works—to this ear it's stunningly worth recording, faults or no. The Chopin is youthful froth, to match the two concerti. Strauss's youthful "Burlesque" gets a lively, skittish playing here; the "Triangle" has a minimum of pomposity, maximum melody and humor.
LISZT, PIANO CONCERTO #1 ("TRIANGLE"). R. Schmid; Munich B'casting Symph., Rosbaud. R. STRAUSS, "BURLESQUE" FOR PIANO AND ORCH. G. Munch; Munich B'casting Symph., Dressel. Polydor Vox LP: PL 6110		
PATHÉTIQUE		
TCHAIKOWSKY, SYMPHONY #6. a) Vienna Philharmonic, Von Karajan. Columbia LP: ml 4299	(NOTE: Overlapping couplings on LP make the weird pot-pourri arrangement to the left a necessity!) Two British giants compete on LP in the "Pathétique"—the Columbia is pressed direct from new British-made LP recordings. The London has superior detail, breadth of perspective, via close pick-up; the Columbia is more distant, overall; a good sound even so. Strange—again it's Columbia's (N. Y.) recording that is distant, over-all; the ffrr "Romeo" is a hi-fi demonstration dream—but unnaturally close. Musicians will like Stokowski's better.	French-German competition on British records! Paradoxically, it is Munch who is more conventionally schmaltzy here, though never grossly so; Von K. does the cleaner, more careful performance, with more attention to significant inner musical details. I like it better.
b) Paris Conservatory Orch., Munch. London LP: LLP 166-7 (1½) *also:*		
TCHAIKOWSKY, "ROMEO AND JULIET." London Philharmonic, Van Beinum. London LP: LLP 167 (½) *Comparison:* (SAME) New York Philharmonic, Stokowski. Columbia LP: ml 4273 (½)*		Van Beinum has nice things to do with the loud parts of "Romeo"—strong, staccato clarity; but Stokowski is a past master at wringing the best from the famous love stuff; nor does he overdo it here, as he well might.
TCHAIKOWSKY, VIOLIN CONCERTO. Ruggiero Ricci; New Symphony, Sargent. London LP: LLP 172. *Comparison:* (SAME) Isaac Stern; Phila. Orch., Hilsberg. Columbia LP: ml 4232*	The London recording has the characteristic steely-string sound (*not* necessarily synon. with hi-fi); the solo is close-to, with some boxed-in, resonance-like acoustical distortion (as with ffrr vocal soloists). Columbia's solo is at stage distance, more natural musically, less distorted.	Both these soloists are of the less flamboyant school; both do performances that will appeal to those who dislike super-showmanship in Tchaikowsky. Stern's is a more mature playing, reserved but deep; his Hilsberg orch. backing shows much thought in careful detail work. I'd choose this version.
BEETHOVEN, CELLO SONATA #4 IN C, OP. 102, #1. Pierre Fournier, Artur Schnabel. RCA Victor 45: WDM 1370 (2)*	Lovely, full-toned, liquid piano, very steady; the cello nicely balanced—if anything, a bit underweighted. No highs, like so many RCA-reissued HMV's. Doesn't matter.	One of the deeply contemplative late-Beethoven works, already approaching last-quartet style. This is unmissable by all who have 45 equipment (or 78); new Schnabel is all too rare! —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

**Also on 78.*

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

MOSQUITO MURDER BY RADIO

LOVE and the ordinary household radio may prove to be a combination more lethal to a mosquito than the most potent insecticides yet discovered. Recently a university parisitologist and a sound engineer successfully trapped male mosquitos by sending out female mosquito mating calls over a loudspeaker. Now they are building a trap which can be attached to any radio. Periodically during the summer mosquito season radio stations will lure the lovelorn male mosquito by broadcasting the female call. Although the sound will be a mere whisper to human ears, it will be music to the antennae of a male mosquito—until he hits the electrically charged trap.

While working on malaria control in Dutch Guiana (now Surinam) during the Thirties Dr. Morton Kahn, director of parisitology at Cornell University Medical College, noticed that male mosquitos always fly toward the females even when each sex is placed in a separate cage. Although the female is sparsely haired, the male has long, heavily-plumed antennae. Dr. Kahn reasoned that the antenna was a listening device tuned to receive the call of the female.

Seven years ago he met William Offenhauser, a sound engineer who became interested in the theory. Setting out to intercept the mosquito messages, if any, the team dropped a microphone into a cage of stingers. They got a growling sound which differed greatly from ordinary wing noise, the sound the layman associates with a bloodthirsty "skeet." Kahn and Offenhauser admitted that it could have been a truck outside the laboratory or even a scratchy needle. On the hunch it was neither they built a sound-proof chamber and recorded the calls of single males and single females on high-fidelity records. They played the male noise to the female and got no response. Then they played the female call to a cage of thirty males. The wolfish bachelors immediately struck up an answering chorus and took off, as a man, in the direction of the loudspeaker.

As soon as the college year was over Kahn and Offenhauser were off to Nigeria, West Africa, armed with their recordings and a Navy beachmaster amplifier, loaned by the late Secretary Forrestal. Once used to amplify battle commands, the apparatus would now carry mosquito mating calls. Around the amplifier they built a wire screen, which they charged with several thousand electrical volts. The mosquitos heeded the call, sat on the screen, and finally flew off unharmed. Although 3,000 volts will kill a man, the team had to increase the charge to 10,000 peak volts before the "skeets" fell dead. Amplifying the call a billion times, give or take a time or two, Kahn and Offenhauser found they were attracting mosquitos a mile away. At this volume the call sounds like the bellow of a moose, throaty, tonal, and often sensuous. The pair also discovered that each species of mosquito has a love call all its own, which is not recognized by males of another species. The song of a female *aedes vexans*, no matter how voluptuous, is apparently not understood by a male *theobaldia inornata*, no matter how passionate.

Even so, all a mosquito-control officer need do, following the Kahn system, is to obtain the eggs, raise the mosquitos to the adult stage, make a recording of the female call, and set up a trap. During their second field test in Pina del Rio, Cuba, last summer Kahn and Offenhauser cleaned out a whole malarial swamp within a few weeks.

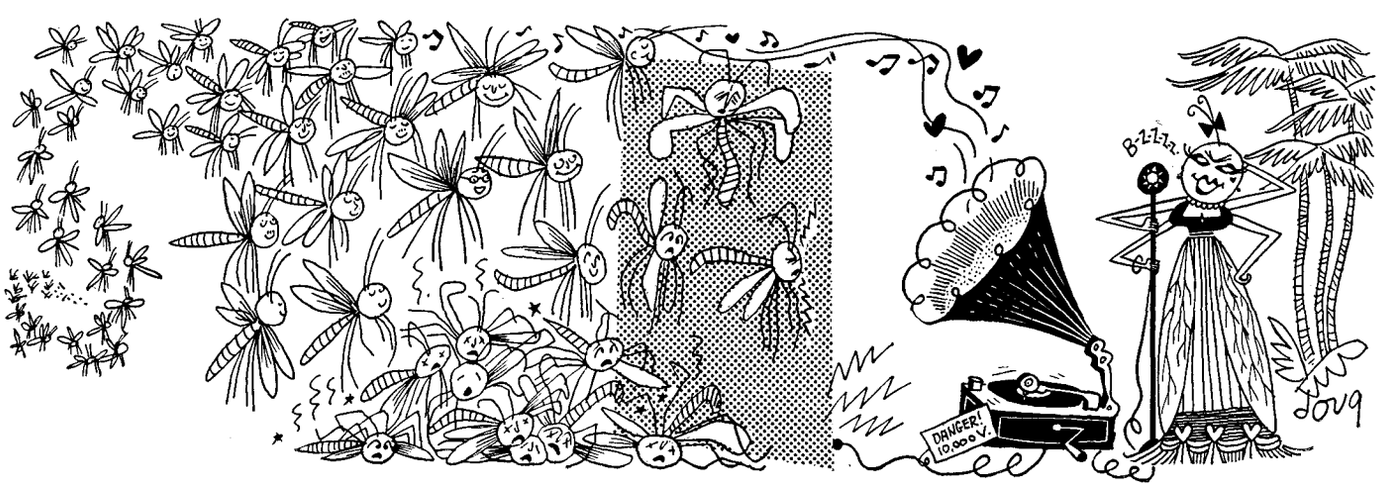
For resorts the Kahn-Offenhauser system may prove a godsend. DDT, the best antimosquito control yet developed, must be reapplied. It won't work in a running stream and even an oil slick laid on a still pond can be blown away. What's more, insects can build up an immunity to certain insecticides. According to the Kahn method, with all the males dead the females lay sterile eggs and the species simply dies out. All a community or a resort would need is a record, a playback, an amplifier, and a shocker. The most difficult dilemma facing Kahn and Offenhauser is the development of a shocker which will not injure humans and yet prove fatal to mosquitos, a problem in which they are now engaged. They expect to be committing perfectly safe mass mosquito murder over the radio on an experimental basis by summer 1951. Two summers from now, should you get a bite, you'll just flip on the radio and let love and the air waves combine to sting the mosquito for a change. —HORACE SUTTON.

Aboot the Neighbors

FOOTLOOSE IN CANADA. By Horace Sutton. New York: Rinehart & Co. 277 pp. $4.

By MERRILL DENISON

ONE rewarding feature about travel books on Canada is the gentle rebuke, physiographically speaking, they always manage to hand Texas. Compared with Quebec's 523,000 square miles, Ontario's 363,282, British Columbia's 359,279, or the Northwest Territories' 1,253,438, the vastness of the Lone Star State (a mere 267,339 square miles) seems



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somewhat less refulgent. Pointing out the wideness of Canada's wide open spaces, however, is but one of the minor rewards of the latest travel book by *SRL*'s peregrinating editor. "Footloose in Canada" is not only well informed but consistently reliable and added to these desirable attributes in any travel book, it is very easy, entertaining reading. Considering the compact size of the book (277 pages generously illustrated or twenty ounces gross), Mr. Sutton has managed to include a wealth of interesting factual material and to interpret much of it with a discerning and pleasant wit. For the American tourist who is likely to stick fairly close to beaten paths and who is looking for intelligent hints on where-to-go and what's-to-be-seen, along with some amusing observations on Canadian folk ways, this book can be unhesitatingly recommended.

In his preface the author warns the reader not to expect the conventional guidebook treatment; he pauses, in fact, to bestow some disparagement upon that useful institution. While this reviewer does not share this allergy, he salutes author Sutton for hitting on the best plan yet adopted to reveal Canada to her peripatetic neighbors to the south. Instead of starting in the east and covering the country painstakingly *"ad mare usque mare,"* province by province, he views the principal tourist regions as the American traveler first encounters them, at their several points of entry. Thus the story of the Maritimes is told as it unreels itself to the traveler upon landing at Yarmouth after an overnight sail from Boston; that of Quebec from the *point d'appui* of Montreal; that of Ontario from Niagara Falls, and so on to Seattle-Vancouver. Thus the American traveler is spared the bewilderment of working cross grain to the country.

Mr. Sutton, one suspects, is no avid sportsman concerned mainly with snagging the wily trout or lowering the population of the moose and lesser fauna. He seems rather to be the urbane traveler, content not to venture too far away from familiar byways along which reasonably good food, comfortable beds, and amusing company may be encountered together with attractive scenes at which to point a camera. For this reason he leaves large areas of Canada virtually untouched. The famous motor road around the Gaspé Peninsula, for instance, receives more attention than the whole Precambrian Shield, which comprises 65 per cent of Canada's total land area; Ontario's charms (larger than California and Texas combined) are limited to Ottawa, Toronto, and the boat trip up the Lakes, and the Prairie Provinces are disposed of in a skip and a jump. Personally, this reviewer feels that a number of interesting items should have received some mention—the Antigonish Movement in Nova Scotia, the Socialist and Social Credit governments of Saskatchewan and Alberta, the Ontario Hydro Electric Power Commission, forerunner of TVA, to name only four—but probably Mr. Sutton should be forgiven, since his Canadian guides, a detailed list of whom is given, would not regard these unique attainments as either important or particularly interesting.

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TRAVELERS' TALES

ALL ABOUT ITALY. By Carla Castaldi Rava. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2.75. If you like a straight story, no nonsense, this is your dish. Ploddingly and unpretentiously it works its way from Rome south to Naples and Sicily, then back north from Rome to the hill towns, to Florence and on to Venice, the Dolomites, the Lakes, and finally the Riviera. It's all here, dutifully recorded, along with the usual pronouncements about tipping, money, transportation, and a few words of general advice. Sample: "Customs — Adapt yourself; you're the foreigner now." A short directory of hotels and restaurants and half a dozen maps are also among the contents of this volume.

HERE'S ENGLAND. By Ruth McKenney and Richard Bransten. Harper. $3.75. One of the brightest travel books of this or any other year is this effort by the lady who was responsible for "My Sister Eileen," aided in this instance by her husband. It is a pleasure, for once, to read advice written for travelers which doesn't warn that the taxicab driver, the chambermaid, and the porter are out to fleece you. Relax, say the Branstens, and enjoy England. This is no assemblage of intimate information about where and how to eat abroad. English food, to quote the authors, is "terrible." They are singularly occupied with sightseeing. Throughout, you will find the book laced with irreverent and therefore readable notes on the involvements of English history. In case it's all a hash when you've finished there is a master chart of English history in the back to help you weave your way through the storied halls. Also a pleasant essay on cricket. The Branstens get you about the land by way of seven short trips from London. They recommend trains for long distances, U-Drive It cars for short hauls. All you need to drive successfully in England, they claim, is a wife who will shout now and then, "Left, for heaven's sake, left!"

BON VOYAGE. HOW TO ENJOY YOUR HOLIDAY IN EUROPE WITH A CAR. By Frances Dale. Macdonald & Co. (John Lehmann, Ltd.) $1.80. You might never know it from the title, but this handbook describes a loop through Europe, beginning in England and circling from Dunkirk through France, Switzerland, and Italy. The practical experiment gives Miss Dale the opportunity to explain the pleasures and pitfalls of crossing the continent by car. Since it is written from the British point of view you might have a tussle or two deciding what a "tyre" is and translating the faithful price lists from pounds into dollars. There is a glossary of motoring terms in English, French, and Italian, but in some cases English words like gudgeon pin, tappets, and spanner left me as perplexed as the Italian. Nonetheless there is good advice on luggage, what to eat, where to eat it, and much ado about wines. All of that is international language, of course, and you will without doubt be better off with this in the glove compartment.

THE GOLF COURSE GUIDE. By Anthony F. Merrill. Crowell. $3.50. If you're traveling around the world with your golf clubs, here is an index to 1,800 courses domestic and foreign, from the Lord Tarleton Golf Club at Pike, New Hampshire, to the Royal Hobart Club in Tasmania. Although most links get only a few lines from Mr. Merrill, he does spend considerably more time with such of his favorites as Sea Island Beach (Georgia) and Ponte Vedra Beach (Florida), where the famous ninth has an island green surrounded by forty yards of magnetic water. You'll find the Rome Golf Club listed, but Mr. Merrill fails to note that it is probably the only links in the world which boasts authentic Roman ruins as a hazard.

—H. S.

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DO AMERICAN WRITERS SHUN HAPPINESS?

(*Continued from page 8*)

drowsy and our muscles are pleasantly tired and there is no guest to prevent us from straightway going to bed. A moment later happiness may be gone, and we start chasing it again. The bride driving away with her husband at the wheel may have a sudden unaccountable misgiving or even fear. The friend who has turned up seems changed and there is an all but detectable decrease in his enthusiasm for life. The good opinion of our neighbor does not seem so reassuring when we search our hearts in the dead of the night. As for clearing all debts, you thought you had a fair margin left, but you had forgotten an item of $175.65. With the single exception of the man with the pleasantly tired muscles after a good day's work, not one is assured of a sound sleep that night. The very excitement of the occasion is disturbing and the human mind starts wondering again, thinks up imperfections, makes comparisons, and the man is saved and falls into a sound sleep only if he possesses a philosophy to laugh at himself. That is about the point where philosophy comes in.

If there could be a science of human happiness, I firmly believe that it should begin by being merely descriptive, contenting itself with describing or cataloguing our moments of happiness before analyzing them and drawing conclusions as to what makes men happy. One might learn to be open-minded, not caring what conclusions it leads to. I think that proceeding in this manner one might have a fairly reliable guide as to what happiness is and how to attain it. If we reject a pompous theoretical approach and are objective and observant, we may be amazed to find, at the very first effort at thinking, that happiness is a common portion of our

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER MAKES THE MARE GO *Jack Dolph* (Crime Club: $2.25)	Three deaths in N. Y. racing and cafe circles lead horse-loving medico and cooperative cops to startling discoveries.	Filly's sudden demise and ex-jock's related death touch off tough, torrid, and galloping chase, crammed with action, equine dope, and thrills.	Good and tough
DEATH DISTURBS MR. JEFFERSON *Anne Hocking* (Crime Club: $2.25)	London lawyer of impeccable reputation found poisoned in bed by shocked servant. Chief Insp. Austen sifts victim's past with startling results.	Excellent example of slick clue - chasing, clever-deduction, and slow-motion. Characters, conversation, and background credible, convincing, and intelligently handled.	Capital!
DEAD HEAT *Paul Ayres* (Bell: $2.50)	Jockey shot at race track. His girl friend, who knows too much, succumbs later. Casey, newspaper photographer, shrewdly solves both slayings.	Gamblers, trainers, owners, sob - sisters, cops — male and female—, and redoubtable pix-man gallop madly in and out of horsily horrendous quickie.	Racy
LADY, BEWARE *Peter Cheyney* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	London private detective Vallon, driving to conference with competing shamus, finds his smashed body, chases double killer to France and back.	Case in which "nothing happened way it should" handled with author's typical skill but with less action than most Cheyney yarns.	For Cheyney devotees
WHAT RHYMES WITH MURDER? *Jack Iams* (Morrow: $2.50)	Handsome and amorous English poet-lecturer shot after talk at Midwest ladies' club. Newspaperman, local cop, and society columnist officiate.	Lively, frequently funny and deftly plotted yarn of murder and newspaper feuding, with pleasant romantic trimmings and not-too-difficult solution.	Worth while

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daily life, instead of the mysterious riddle which it is supposed to be. For instance, we might catch ourselves saying, "I am happy," when we eat well. Such an observation of our commonest moments might lead to an important discovery of the source and nature of true happiness. The wise old Preacher of the Old Testament who certainly had made an experiment with life in search of happiness and had even "made a test of folly and madness" stumbled upon the same conclusion. "Therefore go, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart." He had found that women failed him. If he was King Solomon, with his 3,000 wives, I can understand why.

If we proceed then without the mystification of the theologians and philosophers, we shall find happiness a simple fact, fairly manageable and reducible to a humanly applicable formula; happiness is peace, peace of body and peace of mind. It is a condition of satisfaction with oneself and with the surrounding one finds oneself in and perhaps with one's purpose in life. Usages of the word suggest that we are all after that condition of peace and satisfaction of our material and spiritual wants. There is a Chinese word, *p'ing-an*, which seems to sum up the wish of every home and the end of living of all families. On New Year's Day every wall and every door is pasted with that word written very large on red paper (or some other word to the same effect). This word,

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 369

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 369 will be found in the next issue.

NSF SGAECGAXBF FGPRR

CL XNP RTGA.

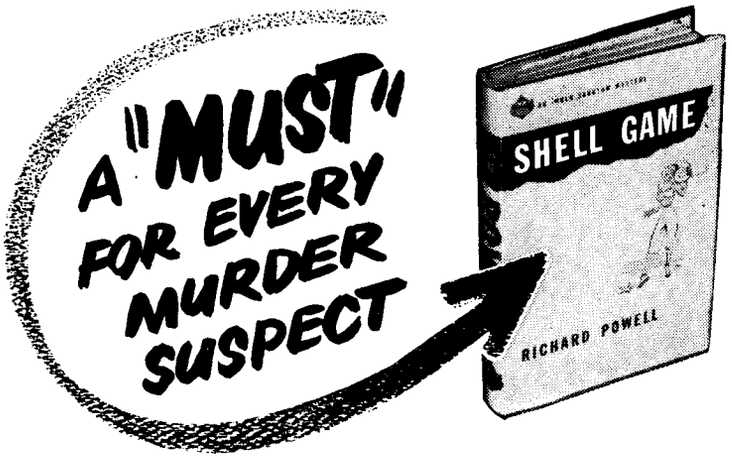
----- ADXNPTF ----

FTSK CL KPGCFXNPZPF

CETXSCZF

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 368

You cannot make a windmill go with a pair of bellows.
—G. HERBERT.
—"Outlandish Proverbs."



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which is untranslatable, bridges the difference between peace and happiness and makes the two identical. It means the feeling when a man is bodily and spiritually at ease. The usage of the English word "happy" reflects also a state of satisfaction with one's mental and bodily conditions. When you take your guest to his room in your house and install him there for three weeks, you say, "I think you can be happy here," meaning that you think he will have everything he wants. Or when you send him away and take him to the station you may find the car overcrowded but somehow you are able to find a seat near the window for him. There is not much elbow room but the car is well heated and your friend is nicely tucked away in a corner. You ask him, "Are you happy now?" meaning whether he is satisfied with his place, has got his magazines and other things, and there are no obviously obnoxious neighbors facing him. If he has all those conditions and has in his pocket a good detective story that will last the journey he will probably answer, "Yes, I am perfectly happy, and many thanks."

We want our wants satisfied before we can have happiness; that seems axiomatic. No one who is dissatisfied can be happy; no one who is restless or frustrated in his life purpose can have happiness or peace; no one who does not know what he wants can have peace, and a person who does not want anything cannot have the satisfaction of having his wants fulfilled, either. All animals seem perfectly happy because all animals have their wants satisfied and provided by nature—or they die. The problem of human happiness comes up only because man has more complicated wants, perhaps an ambition, a desire to find a life purpose, and these wants are less easy to satisfy. Man is superior to animals because he has higher wants, and perhaps knows greater happiness than the animals, but I don't know. What we often forget in this complex civilization of human society is that basically we cannot get away from our bundle of blood and nerves and muscles, that our nerves and our muscles function by the usual physiological laws of our being, and that we are higher animals, but animals with a body still. Happiness often seems to me the perfect functioning of our endocrine glands. Modern doctors often tell their patients that the trouble with them is that they don't function physiologically—that probably, in the overcivilized life of today, they have moved too far away from the primary essential factors of ordinary, healthy living.

I AM aware that happiness comes from the feeling of satisfaction in work done, in something achieved. I am aware that work is often mental as well as physical and that happiness comes to those who have their work successfully completed, irrespective of what kind. But it would seem that the material must be the basis for the spiritual well-being, that no matter how high-minded we are the ancient laws of our being, the physiological requirements of our nerves and muscles, may not be ignored or defied. The basis of happiness that is sure and attainable by almost every man is through the body and particularly through the senses; the spiritual uplift can come later. Emerson observes:

> I know no means of calming the fret and perturbation into which too much sitting, too much talking, brings me, so perfect as labor. I have no animal spirits; therefore, when surprised by company and kept in a chair for many hours, my heart sinks, my brow is clouded, and I think I will run for Acton woods, and live with the squirrels henceforward. But my garden is nearer, and my good hoe, as it bites the ground, revenges my wrongs, and I have less lust to bite my enemies. I confess I work at first with a little venom, lay to a little unnecessary strength. But by smoothing the rough hillocks, I smooth my temper; by extracting the long roots of the piper-grass, I draw out my own splinters; and in a short time I can hear the bobolink's song and see the blessed deluge of light and color that rolls around me.

That is true wisdom.

When a man gets frightened or unhappy about the United Nations or the problems of world peace and wants to recover his happiness, the best thing to do is to find some choked kitchen drain and try to clear it. There is hardly a man on earth who is not proud when he sees the water go down the sink smoothly with a clear gurgle as the result of his morning's labor. Or, instead of committing suicide over the tragedy of Czechoslovakia, one should find out if there isn't a shaky chair in the house and see if he can't fix it and make it safe to sit on again. After all, one can save the future of Czechoslovakia only by saving oneself and keeping oneself happy and alive first. The sovereign remedy for world chaos seems to be to provide every household with a hammer and a monkey wrench and a plentiful supply of nails. I can almost hear Confucius say, save the chair and the house is saved; save the house and the nation is saved; save the nation and the world is saved. A parent is wise to tell his boy, "Go out and tinker with those faulty spark plugs," when he finds him restless and unhappy in the house. He will find that his boy has snapped out of his moodiness when he returns triumphantly with the spark plugs in order. The same parent is often not wise enough to snap out of his own despair over his own personal problems.

This is the second of two articles drawn from Lin Yutang's new book, "On the Wisdom of America." The first article, "The Case for Sentiment," appeared in SRL *July 8.*

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 851

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

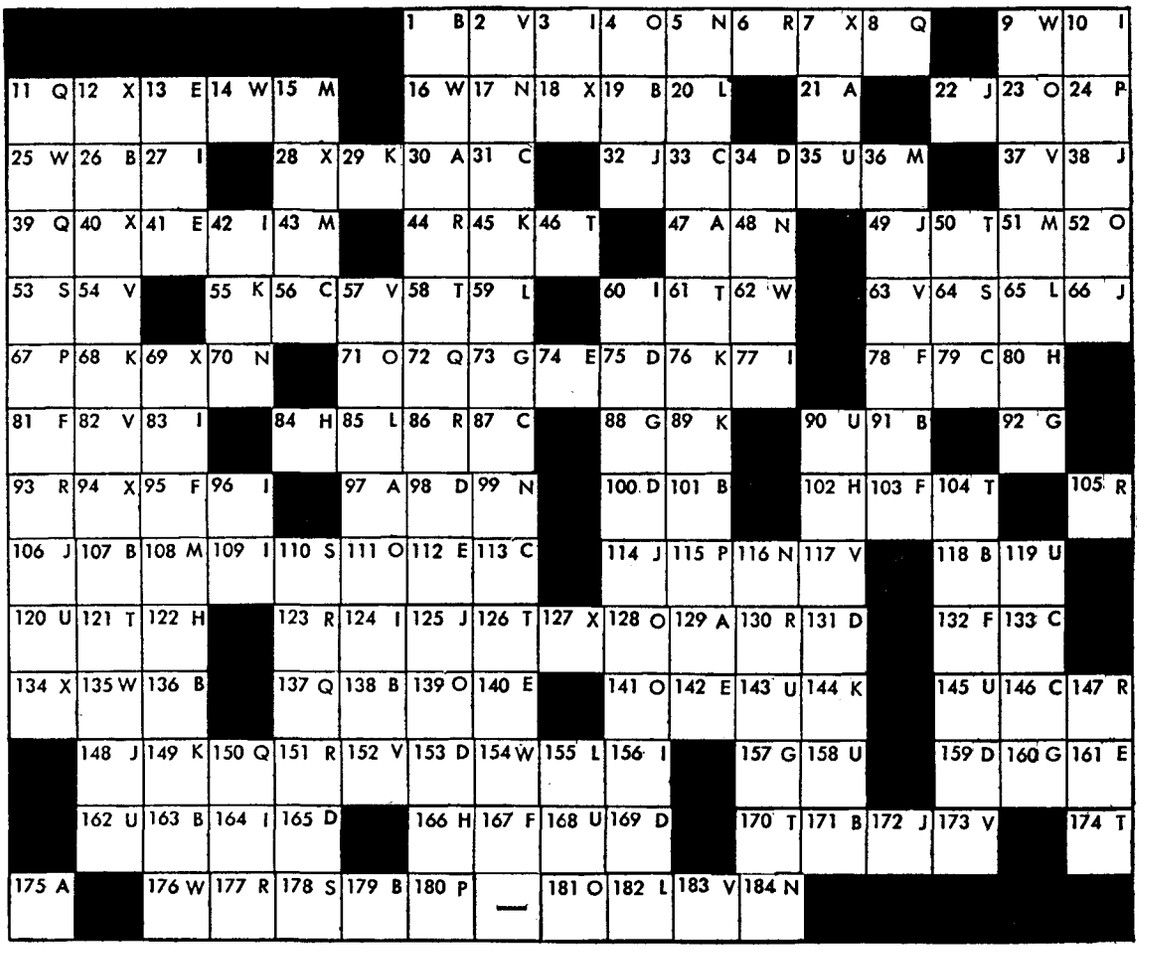
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The sweet potato.	97 21 175 47 129 30
B. Pertaining to the meaning of a word, term, designation, etc.	1 19 101 138 91 163 136 171 118 179 26 107
C. Rudimentary sensation.	33 87 31 79 56 133 146 113
D. Characteristic of large rapacious birds that feed on carrion.	34 75 169 159 98 131 100 153 165
E. English mariner of 16th century, a character in Kingsley's "Westward Ho!"	74 41 161 112 142 13 140
F. Three nymphs of Parnassus, daughters of Zeus, inspired with the gift of prophecy when they ate honey (Gr. myth.).	78 103 95 167 81 132
G. Town on the Dnieper, on main railroad from Minsk to Moscow, formerly in Poland.	157 73 88 160 92
H. British sculptor of Scottish ancestry (1869-1933; national monument to Lord Kitchener, etc.).	102 166 80 122 84
I. A group containing the *San Francisco Examiner*, the *Chicago American*, the *Boston American*, etc. (2 wds.).	77 42 3 83 156 27 60 10 124 96 164 109
J. A New England Revolutionary War hero (full name).	125 22 114 148 32 49 172 106 38 66

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
K. A kind of "crane," America's tallest bird, nearing extinction.	149 29 45 89 55 68 144 76
L. Willows whose pliable twigs are used for furniture, basketry, etc.	85 155 65 182 59 20
M. The name of the first bird in Word K above born in captivity recently in Texas.	36 108 43 51 15
N. Formerly a diet or legislative assembly esp. in one of the German states.	116 5 48 184 99 17 70
O. American college concerned with a famous case settled in 1819.	181 128 139 71 4 111 52 141 23
P. Any frightful giant.	115 67 24 180
Q. To slant outward.	137 39 150 11 8 72
R. Most musty (colloq.).	44 151 130 93 147 6 105 86 123 177
S. The Hawkeye State.	110 178 64 53
T. The American red squirrel, so called from its cry.	50 121 174 126 170 61 46 104 58
U. American geologist, sedimentation his specialty (1875-).	120 162 35 119 145 90 158 143 168
V. Unlucky; disastrous (comp.).	82 173 54 63 57 183 2 37 152 117
W. Misdeeds.	135 9 16 25 62 176 154 14
X. Winking.	69 7 18 127 94 28 40 134 12

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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PERSONALS

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Worldwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

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GOING TO TANGLEWOOD? Art courses—Calligraphy on an adjacant estate. LENNOX SUMMER ART SCHOOL, Wheatleigh, Lennox, Mass.

SOONER OR LATER everybody goes to the nation's capitol, WASHINGTON, D. C. When you go, stop at one of the 3 fine, conveniently located Manger owned and operated hotels. The Annapolis, the Hay-Adams, the Hamilton offer special all-expense tour rates to Review readers, from $10.95 up, which includes air-conditioned rooms, breakfast, sightseeing tour, broadcast, etc. Write: Harry Weissinger, General Manager, at Hotel Annapolis, Washington, D.C. (Mention this ad for special Review booklets and detailed information.)

CHAUTAUQUA WRITERS' WORKSHOP, July 24-Aug. 11. John Holmes, poetry. Margaret Widdemer, fiction. S. Stephenson Smith, non-fiction. N.Y.U. credit. For folder write: Registrar, Chautauqua, N.Y.

OPPORTUNITY for right party to buy leading book store, new and used books, in rich California community. Established 31 years. Owner selling on account of ill health. $15,000 cash. Box 19-D.

2 ADIRONDACK CAMPS—mountaintop in Maine woods, bordering mile private ocean beach. Breathtaking view. Modern conveniences, heirloom furniture, 2 units, 3 bedrooms each. Complete seclusion, near delightful summer colony. Summer rental $800. each, but "nice" tenants first consideration. George St. John, Wallingford, Conn. After June 16, Small Point, Me.

IF INTERESTED IN MAYAN, AZTEC AND INCA civilizations, send for free book list. Box 132-V.

SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS GENTLEMAN interested music, literature, the arts, welcomes correspondence. Box 95-D.

LITERARY RESEARCH? Comprehensive, expert, $1.50 hour. Send assignments. Box 96-D.

TEACHER, 68, long experience America and China, desires teaching or tutoring. Yale B.A., M.A. Special lines, English Literature, German, Latin, Greek. New England area preferred. Box 98-D.

FICTION WRITERS' CONFERENCE, Marlboro College, Marlboro, Vermont. August 16-30. Novel and short story courses. A few places open. Directed by John Farrar, Edmund Fuller, Mavis McIntosh, Walter Hendricks.

REFINED YOUNG MAN particularly fond of sunbathing, swimming, out-doors, would write refined, plain, young girl, likewise inclined. Box 103-D.

FRENCH FEMALE Doctor, loving out-doors, music, home-life, invites correspondents, same education, serious, sincere, genial, of real and proved capacity. Answers only those properly introducing themselves. Box 100-D.

YOUNG MALE, desires vivacious femme, sport enthusiast as correspondent. Box 101-D.

PERSONALS

SALE: BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT—280 acres woodland—unfinished house. $2,800.00. Pach, Brewster. NYC, ALgonquin 4-1188.

INDEPENDENT MALE COLLEGE graduate, 26, desires interesting position home or abroad. Anything considered. Box 104-D.

QUIET YOUNG MAN enjoying fireplaces, walking, reading, symphony, rural solitudes, invites counterpart. Write Box 105-D.

LADY, MIDDLE AGE, extensively traveled, seeks correspondence from sincere gentlemen. Box 108-D.

CULTURED WIDOW desires interesting business position on North Shore of Long Island. Well traveled, recent secretarial and personnel background. Box 109-D.

COSMOPOLITAN YOUNG WOMAN, versatile background, seeks compatible, masculine correspondence. Box 110-D.

INFORMAL, quiet, country home in Berkshires has accommodations for 3 guests. Exceptional food. Moderate rates. Transportation to Tanglewood. Box 91, Mill River, Mass.

YOUNG MAN, intelligent, well-traveled, cosmopolitan tastes, welcomes stimulating correspondence from congenial female. Box 112-D.

SMALL DOG BOARDING. Garden, loving care. Reasonable. Manhattan. REgent 7-3802.

MALE, idealistic, loves out-doors, trying to write, seeks similar correspondence. Box 114-D.

LOG CABIN, 2 bunks, all improvements. Overlooking Bay and Mountains. Shore privileges. Box 115-D.

COTTAGE ON SHORE, porch, fireplace. No improvements. Privacy yet near towns. Shore privileges. Box 115-D.

NURSE, alone, active. Relatives deceased. Would like to correspond with gentleman past middle age, so situated. Box 116-D.

GENTLEMAN, living in country, artistically inclined, would correspond with young woman who likes books, music, hiking, solitude. Box 117-D.

PRIVATE SCHOOL—Well educated, traveled, conservative, middle-aged couple. Experience: he—Math., French, Executive; she—House Mother for Juniors. Desire connection boys' or girls' Eastern school. Box 118-D.

NOBLEST OF ALL RARE TEAS—subtle, smoky, esoteric FIVE DYNASTY Lapsang Souchong. Introductory packet, with free "TEA SECRETS," only 25¢; China-International Exports, San Gabriel, California.

PERFECT HOME for writer. Complete privacy. 4 hilltop acres; 8 room modernized farmhouse; 3 bedrooms; study. Expansive views. ½ mile from village. $15,000. No agents. Box 120-D.

YOUNG FRENCHMAN, with 2 masters degrees, wants 2 weeks to 1 month job in West, Alaska, Hawaii, between August 4 and September 18. Anything considered. Box 121-D.

MATURE woman, usually thoughtful, sometimes clever, now interested in complicating life by corresponding with successful, cosmopolitan gentleman not too burdened by life's complexities. Box 122-D.

FURNISHED HOUSE for rent on beautiful college campus, 100 miles from city, Taconic Parkway. July, August. Box 123-D.

DID CENSUS MAN miss you? He was getting his martinis dry at FLYNN'S HOTEL, Ocean Bay Park, Fire Island. 5666-J.

GARDEN APARTMENT, INEXPENSIVE. Piano. East Manhattan. Three months. Box 125-D.

POSITION as traveling companion wanted by young woman with newspaper experience, A.B. degree, scrority. Write Box 126-D.

SELLING my house, Vermont. Another New Hampshire. Attractive, unusual. Dean, real estate, West Canaan, N. H.

PERSONALS

CARTOONS—Drawn to order, humorous, serious illustrations, etc. $1 each. Box 134-D.

FOR RENT—July, August or longer, furnished summer house. Discriminating family desired. References exchanged. M. C. Lockwood, Mount Pocono, Pa.

YOUNG COLLEGE GRADUATE well traveled, interested in interesting employment. Box 138-D.

FOR SALE—1740 Connecticut SALT BOX, excellent condition. 10 rooms, hot water, oil heat, good studio space. Excellent neighbors, hospitable community. 75 miles NYC. Thirty acres about 10 tillable. Priced under possible market. Write owner. Box 142-D.

YOUNG teacher, female, wants interesting position, travel, tutoring. Box 141-D.

FEMININE woman, mature, wide interests, alert, sense of humor, invites letters. Box 140-D.

WRITER doing story on family problem of feebleminded child will pay $100 to parent whose letter is accepted as basis for story in leading national maoazine. Write Box 139-D anonymously if you prefer.

REGISTERED NURSE, retiring from hospital duty, can take 2 paying guests into her home. Write: 6171 Piedmont Av., Los Angeles 42, California.

VACATIONS

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What's your score on these questions about

D. H. Lawrence

considered by many to be one of the most important writers of our time.

Question 1: In what period did Lawrence write his much-discussed novel, "Women in Love?"

Question 2: What one long story (or novella) illustrates Lawrence's compulsive preoccupation with sex, nature, and the importance of "maleness?"

Question 3: Where does some of Lawrence's most beautifully written prose appear?

Question 4: Why is "The Snake" considered such a revealing example of Lawrence as a poet?

Question 5: In what famous essay does Lawrence quote one of his own critics as saying, "If Mr. Lawrence's attitude to sex were adopted, then two things would disappear, the love lyric and the smoking-room story?"

Question 6: What one (and only one) volume contains complete versions or substantial selections of all these Lawrence writings plus seven other complete novelettes or stories, intimate letters to friends, critical writing and notes on travel?

Answer 1: At the height of his powers, but in a period of darkening emotion, as he faced both emotional and intellectual crises during World War I. Lawrence said of this novel, "The book frightens me. It is so end-of-the-world."

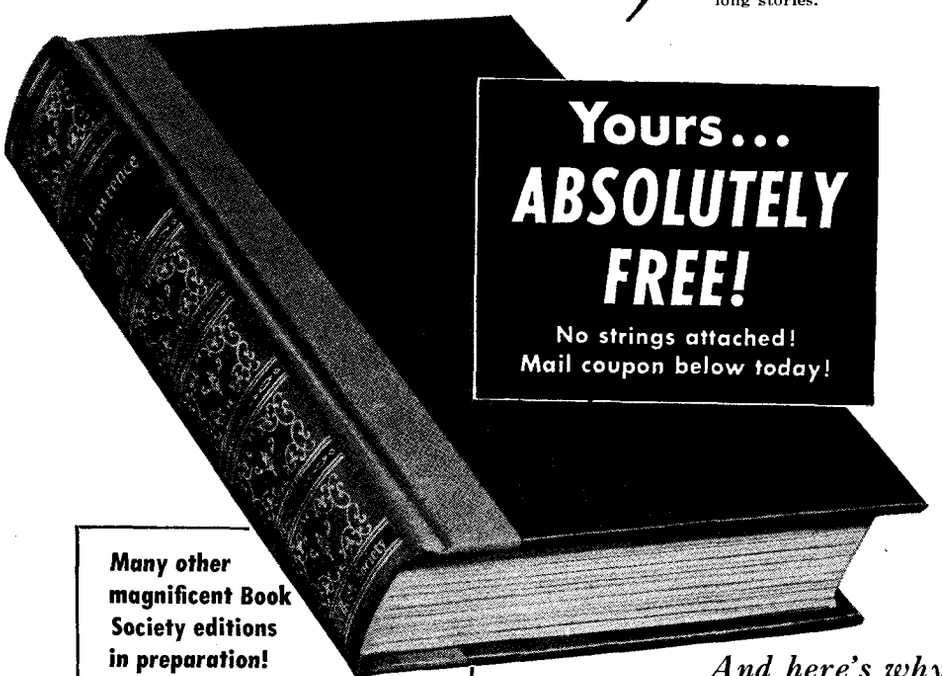
Answer 2: "The Fox," one of Lawrence's most perfectly conceived long stories.

Answer 3: In "The Rainbow," his fourth novel.

Answer 4: Because it epitomizes his love for the sensual, the mystic and the phallic.

Answer 5: In his essay entitled, "Pornography and Obscenity."

Answer 6: The "Diana Trilling" edition of Lawrence—yours absolutely free—when you mail coupon.



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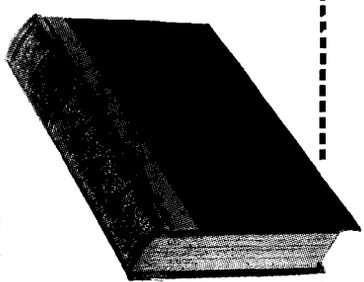

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